

DAYS AND DEEDS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

STONE AND FICKETT



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BOOKS

*BY GERTRUDE L. STONE AND
M. GRACE FICKETT*

EVERY DAY LIFE IN THE COLONIES

With Preface by W. W. STETSON.

Nine full-page illustrations by FRANK T. MERRILL.

129 pages. 35 cents.

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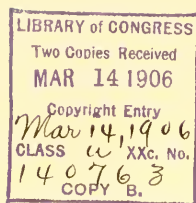
DAYS AND DEEDS

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

BY
GERTRUDE L. STONE
AND
M. GRACE FICKETT

BOSTON, U. S. A.
D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS

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Days and Deeds a Hundred Years Ago

TWO HEROES OF A "FAR OLD YEAR"

I

THE large brown house on the hill was the jolliest place to visit that Roger knew anything about. To be sure, there were no children to play with. Baby Alice was not old enough to do much more than sleep or cry, and of course she could not know what a pleasant playmate her big, merry grandfather could be. But Roger knew, though Colonel Davenport was not his grandfather, only his great aunt's husband, and not really a bit related. Still, no grandfather could make a boy have a better time; and when, one May morning, Mrs. Saybrook took her son for a month's visit at the big house, Roger had a right to be the happiest child in the whole Connecticut colony.

One thing, however, seemed hard. Colonel Davenport might not be at home very much, for he belonged that year to the Connecticut legislature. It was not so easy to go from Hartford to Stamford as it is now, and the colonel did not try to get home often, although sometimes he would come on Friday or Saturday and spend Sunday with his family. Indeed, he was expected the very week when Roger and his mother began their visit; and with him would come Governor Trumbull and three or four other men who were the colonel's close friends. The people at the big house needed Roger's mother to help get ready for so many guests; they needed a little boy, too, who could run on errands and do all the things that the colonel's own boys had done years before.

On Friday afternoon, after three days of running and waiting on the little boy's part, everything was ready for the visitors. Roger had not wasted a minute that day. Long before breakfast he had thrown corn to the hungry hens, had led Dobbin and Dolly to the spring, and had helped Jonas, the hired man, to milk the cows. He did not really do any milking himself, but he helped Jonas wonderfully, for he could carry the milking stool and the empty pails.

And it was much easier for Jonas to milk when the little fellow stood beside him, and exclaimed with an air of proud ownership, in words that he had often heard the colonel use, "After all, sir, there's no better cow in the colonies!"

But now all the work in the barn and in the house was done, and Roger had washed his face and hands, for the last time, he hoped, that day; he had put on the trousers that his mother had made from an old pair of the colonel's; and now he was sitting on the front door-step waiting for the first sign of the riders from Hartford.

"Here they come! Here they come!" he called before long; and out into the yard hastened everybody on the place, from baby Alice, who could scarcely toddle, to her stout, proud grandmother.

"I see him! There's the colonel!" shouted Roger, before the others had noticed much more than a cloud of dust.

"Are you sure, Roger," asked his mother, "that you know the colonel so far away?"

"Why, of course. He's the largest and straightest man there."

Roger was right. A minute or two later every one could distinctly see the half dozen

men on horseback coming slowly up the hill, the colonel riding ahead.

"That's Governor Trumbull just behind the colonel," said Jonas. "Did you ever see him before, Roger?"

"No, I never did. But I supposed he would be almost as large as the colonel," the boy answered, gazing in almost a disappointed way at the gaunt figure of the worthy governor.

But now the horses were at the gate, the riders had dismounted, and the colonel was introducing his friends to the ladies. "And this," he added, bowing low to the delighted Roger, "is Master Saybrook, who can lead our horses to the stable as well as any man you ever saw."

"He seems like a fine boy," spoke one of the men, a tall, smiling man, who looked as if he might have some boys of his own. "But my horse is rather hard to lead. This may make it easier," and he laid a sixpence in Roger's hand.

When Roger returned from the stable, it was supper time; and it happened—a rare thing a hundred years ago—that there was a place at the table for the ten-year-old boy. The day was longer than usual, too, for Roger, as a rule, went to bed at six. To-night the great clock in the corner struck seven before the colonel said,

“Well, well! It’s time for a boy that has worked all day to get to bed.”

Roger started obediently; he always minded when the colonel spoke. When he had said good-night, the colonel asked, “Have you had a pleasant day, my boy?” Roger thought of what the stout, generous stranger had said when he was introduced to Mrs. Davenport; and bowing to the colonel, the little fellow answered in the visitor’s words, “A day to be remembered, sir.” He saw the company smile, but he had shut the door before his big friend said, “That’s more genuine than anything I heard at the king’s court.”

The next morning Roger was astir early. He had come into the sitting-room with an armful of wood for the open fire that made the cool May morning yet more pleasant. Just as he was putting the last stick upon the flames, he heard a voice say cheerily: “One, two, buckle my shoe!”

Looking around with a start, he saw the plump colonel standing in the bedroom door, and he knew well what his trouble was. Colonel Davenport was too large to stoop comfortably, and he needed some one to fasten the great silver buckles on his shoes.

Roger had helped in this way before, and now he ran quickly to be of use again.

“And here is something to match the buckles,” said the colonel, as he put into Roger’s hand a shining shilling, a gift that made a joyous beginning to a most eventful day.

After breakfast, Roger’s friend of the day before, whom he knew now as Major Sherman, was looking for a boy to hold his horse so that the animal could graze and roll in the green grass. Such a boy he easily found; and when he put the rope into Roger’s hand, he said warningly, “Don’t let go the rope, Roger. Dick will not try to get away while he knows he is held; but if he sees he is free, you will have hard work to catch him again.”

“No, sir, I’ll not let go,” answered Roger, confidently.

“Very well. Keep him here till I come for you.”

“I will, Major Sherman,” promised Roger.

Not five minutes after the major disappeared, Roger heard a strange noise that seemed to come from a long distance up the road. Now Roger was in a meadow back of the house, and the trees near the road grew so thick as to shut off his view of it entirely. The noise came nearer.



"ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE!"

He could hear the shrill notes of a fife and the roll of a drum. He fancied that he could hear, besides, the "tramp, tramp, tramp" of men's feet.

"It's the new regiment on its way to New York," he thought suddenly. "And I never saw a soldier in my life! Why doesn't the major come for Dick? I wonder if I'd better take him up."

Twice the desire to see those soldiers grew so strong that he started to lead Dick up the hill; but each time he remembered his promise to the major and stayed in the meadow. Finally he said to himself, "It's of no use to listen if I can't go. If I stay here, I must make more noise than the soldiers."

So he began to sing some of the songs that every loyal American of the day knew by heart, shouting out with special strength the one that said:—

"We'll fight and shout, and shout and fight
For North America!"

"I can shout if I can't fight," he assured himself, and screamed the louder. Finally, when he had to stop for breath, not a sound of music or tramping could he hear. "Well, Dick, they've gone by now," he said aloud.

"We needn't make any more noise. But I wish we had seen them."

It was not long before Colonel Davenport and Major Sherman walked down the hill.

"Uncle," asked Roger, as soon as the men were near enough to hear him, "did some soldiers go along the road?"

"Yes, the regiment, on its way to New York. Don't you want to hurry to the house and see the men? They are resting an hour with us."

The boy's eyes danced. "And I shall see them after all," he said. "Come, Dick, hurry!" And he pulled hard at the halter.

"Wait a minute, Roger," commanded the colonel. "Didn't you know the soldiers would stop here?"

"No," answered the boy. "I didn't even know they were coming."

"H'm!" said the colonel. "Have you ever seen a soldier?"

"No, sir, not one."

"Why didn't you bring up the horse, then, when you heard the music and tramping?" asked Major Sherman.

"I did want to," Roger acknowledged slowly. "But you know I promised to keep Dick here till you came."

The major gave the boy a shilling without a word. But Colonel Davenport looked at Roger earnestly. "My boy," he said slowly, "you did right to stay. Just remember always to do that very thing. Stay where you are and finish what you ought to do, no matter what else is happening."

II

ROGER never forgot the colonel's advice. Probably he would have remembered it if nothing had happened to fix it more firmly in his mind. But something did happen—a danger arose so startling and so strange that the whole country talked about it for weeks—and in all the peril Colonel Davenport was so great a hero that years afterward a famous New England poet wrote some verses about the way the brave man "finished what he ought to do, no matter what else was happening." Roger was a hero, too; and perhaps if Mr. Whittier had known how well the little boy heeded the colonel's warning, he might have written another famous poem about the dark day of 1780.

It was the Friday after the colonel and his friends had gone back to Hartford, and Roger and his mother were still at the big house.

When Roger got up that morning, he saw nothing to make him think that the day would be at all different from many another cloudy spring day. He could not know how there would fall

“ Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell,—
The Twilight of the Gods.”

It was the middle of the forenoon before the great change came. Roger had just carried into the kitchen an armful of wood. He threw down the clattering sticks in a hurry as his mother exclaimed, peering rather anxiously out from the south window, “How black the sky is! And how dark it is growing! I could scarcely see to count my eggs in the buttery just now.”

Mrs. Davenport, who was sewing in the kitchen, put down her work, saying, “I cannot see even at the window. What does this mean? The sky looks as I have never seen it before.”

In great alarm, the two women gazed at the gathering clouds, which every moment grew darker and darker. Jonas, who had been working at some distance from the house, came hur-

riedly into the kitchen, his face pale with excitement and alarm.

"Jonas, what does this mean?" "Jonas, what makes it so dark?" cried both frightened women at once.

But Jonas could not explain. And as the little company watched, they saw one fearful sign after another.

"The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barnyard fowls
Roosted ; the cattle at the pasture bars
Lowed, and looked homeward ; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad ; the sounds of labor died."

So in the darkening kitchen, every one laid work aside and sat frightened and speechless. Mrs. Davenport was tremblingly lighting a candle, when there came a sharp, quick knock and in burst two women who lived by themselves not far away.

"It is the Judgment Day!" they screamed. "We could not wait for it alone. Mrs. Davenport, what shall we do? What shall we do?" and they both fell to weeping at once. Baby Alice, frightened by the unusual commotion,

now began to cry lustily, and the whole room was in an uproar.

Never in Roger's life had he had so dreadful an experience. One of the women who had come in was now rocking violently, her apron over her head, and screaming, "I'm afraid! I'm afraid!" Even Mrs. Davenport, who up to this time had said little, began to wail despairingly, "Oh, if the colonel were only here! Where is he now, I wonder?"

Then like a flash Roger remembered what the colonel had told him on the day when they were with Dick in the pasture. "The colonel said I was to finish what I ought to do, no matter what else was happening," he said half aloud; and then he promptly fell to work piling up the wood that half an hour before he had dropped helter-skelter on the hearth.

"That's good advice, Roger!" said Mrs. Davenport, and she picked up her sewing. "How did the colonel happen to say that to you?"

Then, as well as he could, Roger told the story. Before he had said much, the neighbor in the rocking-chair was interested enough to stop her screaming and sobbing and listen. The others, too, had grown calmer. .

So they sat quietly through the long dark hours. Baby Alice went to sleep. Jonas worked on a harness that needed cleaning, and, with Roger's help, he made it shine like new. Mrs. Davenport found some knitting for Roger's mother and the neighbors; and although every one was still too frightened to speak often, their great dread grew a little less. All through the long afternoon they sat by candle-light, peering out eagerly at intervals to see if there were any signs of returning day. At last it began to grow surely lighter, and by the latter part of the afternoon the strange darkness had wholly passed away.

Meanwhile, what of the colonel?

In the old State House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.

Then slowly the colonel rose, and with a steady voice he broke the dreadful quiet.

"This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know

My present duty, and my Lord's command
To occupy till He come. So at the post
Where He hath set me in His providence,
I choose, for one, to meet Him face to face,—
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls ;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do His work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles."

The colonel had given courage to everybody in the House. The speaker found that the next act concerned an amendment to the law regulating the shad and alewife fisheries, and in a voice which he tried hard to steady, he read the measure by the flaring candle-light.

“ Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
The shrewd dry humor natural to the man :
His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.”

Slowly and terribly the afternoon hours dragged by ; and at length the threatened calamity was overpast. But the example of heroic Colonel Davenport made a lasting impression on

every one who that day sat with him in the Hartford state house.

“And there he stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear.”

LEARN :—

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—*Carlyle*.

FROM MASSACHUSETTS TO OHIO

I

It was Thanksgiving Day of 1787, and there was much to make the Putnam family thankful. In the first place the father and mother and eight children were all well; in the next place General Rufus Putnam, the father, had just returned in safety from a cold, stormy stage journey to Boston; and besides, the Putnams were fairly well-to-do, and lived in one of the best houses in Rutland.

Still the day was not quite without a cloud, for very soon brave General Putnam was to set out on a longer and much more perilous journey than the ride to Boston had been. He was "going west," across the lonely land of Pennsylvania, over the high Alleghanies, into the country near the Ohio River; and, moreover, he had thought it best not to take Mrs. Putnam and the children with him. "But in a year or two," he had promised, "if the Indians are peaceful and the colony flourishes, I will come back for you all."

"What makes you go to Ohio, father?" asked eight-year old Catharine at dinner, when the others had been speaking of the new project.

"That is rather a hard question to answer," her father replied, "and this is not a good time to tell you. But to-night, after supper, when the work is done, you shall hear the whole story."

When evening came, Catharine was seated on her father's lap in front of the blazing fire in the sitting-room. All the others, too, were gathered around the hearth. The fireplace was large enough to give every one plenty of warm, light space.

"This is almost too comfortable a home to exchange for a log house in Ohio, is it not, mother?" asked the general of Mrs. Putnam, as he looked lovingly at the little group.

"Then this is the time to prove to us that you have to go," answered Mrs. Putnam. And Catharine added, "You know you promised to tell me this evening why you are going."

"And so I will," General Putnam replied cheerfully to mother and daughter at once. "I may not make you see just why *I* have to go, but I am sure you will understand that somebody ought to go.

“In the first place, Catharine, when you were only a baby, the people of the colonies made King George confess that he had no longer any right to govern North America. Ever since, these thirteen colonies have been trying to make a nation of themselves—a nation that shall some day be as strong and powerful even as England.

“Now, stretching away to the west of us there is a vast tract of country—I do not know how many miles it contains. And if the United States is ever to be a flourishing nation, it must use these western lands for raising crops, and the great western rivers for waterways. The European nations say that much of this territory belongs to us, but at present the part we might use is inhabited almost wholly by Indians.”

“And will the Indians let us have the land, father?” interrupted twelve-year-old Edwin.

“I think so, Edwin. Of course they say the land is theirs, and they are right, I suppose. But we do not ask them to give it to us, my boy. We hope to persuade them to sell it to us. In any case, unless we can get people from the colonies to move to the west, colonists from Spain or France or England will take possession of our land. So don’t you see, Catharine, that

somebody must go out into the Ohio country and build towns there?"

And everybody smiled as Catharine answered gravely, "Yes, father, I see."

"There is an easy way," went on General Putnam, "to induce people to settle in the West. When the Revolution was over, the government owed a great deal of money to those men who fought against the British. It has been too poor ever since to pay these soldiers in money; but lately Congress has adopted a plan for paying them in western lands instead, if they will only promise to settle in the new country themselves or send others to do so. And, moreover, there is an Ohio Company, made up of men who have bought large tracts of western land from the government and will sell them again at low prices to all who will emigrate to Ohio."

"And you are superintendent of the Ohio Company, aren't you, father?" inquired Catharine, proudly.

"Yes, Catharine, I am the superintendent," answered the general. "Don't you see, then, how necessary it is that I should go to Ohio to distribute the lands and to look after the settlements?"

"Why, of course, father, they couldn't do

anything without you. But why can't we go, too?"

"You shall all go before long if the settlement prospers. But, Catharine, I cannot take any little girls this time. There are no roads across the mountains and our party will probably have to walk or go on horseback a good deal of the time. Then the last part of our journey will be spent traveling down the river, and we must stop at the foot of the mountains to build our boats.

"Afterwards, when we get to Ohio, we must put up houses and plant the fields; and all the time we shall have to be on the lookout for hostile Indians, who may not like to see the white men invade their country. I should like very much to take William Rufus, but he must stay here to look after you and the others."

"So that is settled," thought William Rufus. "But I did hope that he would think I ought to go." Then he asked, "Have you decided when to start, father?"

"In about a week, probably," replied the general. "Twenty men are to leave Danvers on December first, and they will stop here on their way. I shall go with them as far as Hartford, but there I am to wait for the men who

will set out later from Rutland. I expect the Rutland men about the first of January. If we are fortunate, we shall all reach Ohio in time for the spring planting."

"But when are you coming back, father?" was Catharine's eager question.

"That I cannot tell exactly, little girl. I should like to come back for you all in the summer, but perhaps I must wait still another year."

"Why, I shall be a great girl ten years old then. That's ever so far off," replied the little girl almost tearfully.

"It will take a long time for you to grow so much that I shall not know you, Catharine. But now," her father added, "it is bedtime for the smallest of us, at least." And as Catharine slipped obediently from his lap, he said, "Remember, little girl, that the Ohio country is well worth waiting a year to see. It is much warmer and ever so much more beautiful than New England. You will like it better than cold, hilly Rutland."

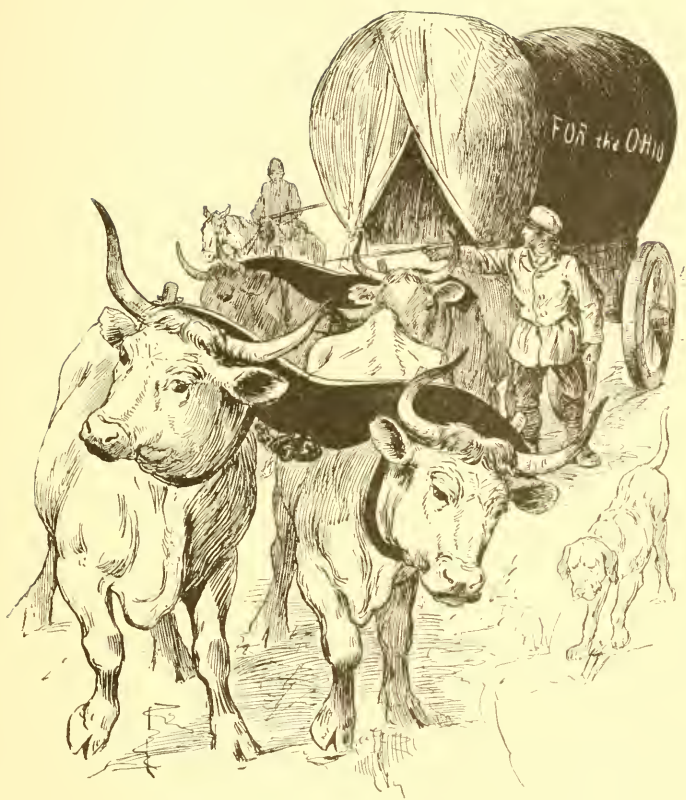
II

"Look, Martha!" exclaimed Catharine one afternoon about a week after Thanksgiving, "is that a load of hay?"

“Why, no, Catharine,” answered the older child, peering through the dusk at a strange vehicle drawn by four oxen. “That isn’t a load of hay. I should think it was a wagon covered with black cloth. It looks just like a house on wheels. Let us call mother to see it.”

By the time Mrs. Putnam had come into the room, the odd black wagon had stopped in front of the house. “Why,” exclaimed Mrs. Putnam suddenly, “it must be the people from Danvers. Can you make out the letters on the side? I think they say ‘For the Ohio.’ This means,” concluded Mrs. Putnam, “that your father will start to-morrow.”

The next morning proved raw and cold—a morning when most people would rather stay comfortably indoors than begin a four months’ journey from Massachusetts to Ohio. But at the Putnam house there was no time to speak of the weather. Everything there was in commotion and confusion. The large yard was filled with carriages which had brought people from far and near to watch the setting forth of the pioneers; and the Putnams and the twenty Danvers men were busily stowing away all manner of tools and provisions in the great black wagon.



“A STRANGE VEHICLE, DRAWN BY FOUR OXEN.”

That mysterious covered wagon with its staring white letters was the chief object of interest to the curious country folk. Martha had described it fairly well the night before; it was most like a house on wheels. To the home-loving Rutland farmers, indeed, the ungainly vehicle did not suggest a very comfortable or attractive house; but to the little boys it brought visions of delight.

“Why doesn’t your father take you, Edwin?” inquired an enthusiastic playmate.

“He says I’m too small,” answered Edwin. “But perhaps,” he added, hopefully, “the Indians won’t be all killed before I can go;” and the thought made him a little happier and the other boys yet more envious.

At last there was no excuse for staying any longer.

“Well, neighbors,” said the sturdy general, “good-bye, all of you. I am going into a new country and I shall not come back for a year or more; but I will not forget you or what you have done for me. Some day you will all decide to pack up and go west, too.”

Then he looked down affectionately upon the little group whose welfare was dearer to him than his own. He saw his wife struggling

bravely to smile at him, his manly sons almost ready to cry, and his little Catharine sobbing vigorously.

“Do not look on the dark side of our lot,” he said, cheerily, to his wife and children. “I know all the dangers and how to face them. But,” he added, “do not worry if you hear nothing from me for weeks together. The government has no mail route beyond Pittsburg, and travelers west of the mountains are not very numerous. So, good-bye again! And do not grow too fast, Catharine,” he said last of all to the little girl.

THE SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS

Oh, glad are the hours of the journey
That leads over mountainous roads
To fertile lands and wooded plains,
And peaceful, fair abodes!

There wholesome life and simple sports
Will foster vigorous health;
There industry and peace will make
The way to honest wealth.

For there no slave can ever be,
No bondman, black or white;
There Freedom's peace shall bless us all,
And Freedom's voice invite.

And there the cheerful homes we build
Shall sturdy youth enfold ;
And faith and honor shall spring up
Where Freedom's tale is told.

III

It was more than a year and a half before General Putnam returned to Rutland. Even then he came only on a visit ; for he had so many errands in the East that he could not get ready to abandon the Rutland farm. But busy and hurried as this visit was, it proved a great comfort to Mrs. Putnam and the children. There had been letters, of course, but they came seldom and so slowly that the news from the father was not often less than six weeks old when it reached the Massachusetts town. So there was a glad welcome for the brave pioneer, when after a year and a half of wilderness life, he returned for a little while to his place at the head of the family table.

"To go back to the very first," began the general, after he had been for a few minutes under a rapid fire of questions, "do you remember, mother, how we forgot the bread that morning and had to send back for it?"

"Yes, indeed, and some of the neighbors said

that bad luck was sure to come," answered Mrs. Putnam.

"But it did not," laughed the general. "Everything went well while I was with the Danvers men. The first trouble came about the last of January, when I was with the Rutland party. By that time we were at the foot of the Alleghanies, but to our dismay we found the snow so deep that only packhorses had been able to cross the mountains.

"Our only resource then was to build sleds and harness the horses one before the other. In this manner, with four sleds, and the men marching in front to break the trail, we went forward. It was the fourteenth of February before we came upon the other party, the men who left Rutland with me."

"That meeting was a discouraging experience. Five of the Danvers men were sick with small-pox. No boat had been built or even begun; in fact, there were no boards or planks ready, for the mill had frozen. But in time the sick men got well; warmer weather came; and finally we built our boat and started down the stream. By the way, what do you suppose we named our boat?"

"The Washington," suggested Abigail.

"The Cutler," answered Persis.

"The Putnam," spoke the loyal Catharine.

"No, you are all wrong. The men fancied we were like the Pilgrims seeking a new country. Now can you guess?"

"The Mayflower!" cried everybody.

"Yes, the Mayflower; and she landed at Marietta, April seventh. I wonder if you know why we called our town Marietta? Every one of us admired the French queen, Marie Antoinette, because she has treated the Americans so well. And we named our town for her. Do you see how, Martha?"

"Why, you took the first part and the last part," decided the child. "It makes a pretty name, but I never heard of that French queen."

"I will tell you about her some day. Just now I think you would rather hear how we celebrated our first Fourth of July.

"We fired salutes, of course, at sunrise and sunset, and we made speeches, just as Rutland people have done these thirteen years. But we did more than that. We had a dinner party, such as Rutland never saw.

"Hitherto we had had little time to spare for cooking or eating, and now we thought that we deserved a holiday. We decided to have an

outdoor picnic. So we set our tables under the trees by the river and loaded them with all manner of good things. Some one caught a giant pike, the largest fresh water fish I have ever seen, and we cooked that. Then we roasted several deer and a good many wild turkeys. It was too early for many vegetables, but we had peas in abundance. We had planted as soon as we reached Marietta, and things grow rapidly in Ohio.

“ We stayed at the tables all the afternoon, for after we finished eating we made speeches and drew up a code of laws for our village. Where do you suppose we fastened the laws so as to have them in plain sight? ”

No one ventured an opinion, and the general answered his own question. “ We posted them on the trunk of a tree, where everybody in Marietta could see them.

“ After the Fourth, Marietta seemed more like a town of the United States. Still it did not resemble a New England village very strongly, for it had few houses and no real streets.”

“ But why were there not more houses, father? Where did all the people live? ” asked Martha.

“ I was speaking of houses like those in New

England," her father explained. "Most of us lived then at 'Campus Martius' or the 'field of war,' where we could defend ourselves from the Indians. I'll tell you what 'Campus Martius' looks like, if I can.

"A long time ago,—I can't tell how many hundred years—some people whom we call 'mound-builders' lived in Marietta. Why they built their earthen mounds it is somewhat hard to tell. Perhaps they were used for graves. But one of these great mounds we made the foundation of 'Campus Martius,' our fortified settlement.

"The buildings are in the form of a hollow square. At the corners of the square we built high blockhouses to which we could flee from the Indians if they attacked us, and from which we could easily fire upon them. Between the blockhouses, along the sides or curtains, we built smaller dwelling houses, and in the large open space in the middle of the square we dug our well.

"In this way we made a little village where we could feel secure in case of Indian attacks. As yet, I am glad to say that we have not had to take refuge many times in the blockhouses; instead we use one for a church and

court-house, and last winter we made one into a schoolroom."

"Oh, dear!" grumbled Edwin, who did not like to study. "I thought there couldn't be any school out west."

"You foolish boy!" said his father, reprovingly. "What sort of nation can you help to build if you do not know a great deal more than you know now? Indeed," he continued, "we mean in time to make the schools in Ohio as good as those in New England. But I suppose, Edwin, you would rather hear about the Indians than about our schoolhouse, would you not?"

"Yes, father, indeed I should," Edwin answered honestly.

IV

"THE Indians," began the general, "are the worst enemies of Marietta. As yet they have not troubled us much, but they are not to be trusted, and at any time they may make an attack. When we were building 'Campus Martius,' they were friendly enough and even welcomed us cordially. A good many times since they have bedecked themselves with all their finery and have come to call on us. I wish you

might have seen a caller that we had not long ago. It was a squaw, Madam Zanes, and she wore more jewelry than I had ever before seen on one person. We counted three hundred brooches pinned upon her clothing.

“But lately we have thought it best to make a treaty with the Indians. They may not keep their agreement; still, if they understand that we are dealing honestly with them, perhaps they will be honest, too.

“It is not an easy thing to make a treaty with Indians, for they are crafty and easily angered. I sent them a message at first something like this:—

“‘*Brothers*: I have just come from the great council-fire of the United States, where the great and good chief General Washington resides. I am coming with the wishes of his heart to you, which are very good.’”

“Why, father, that doesn’t sound at all like the way you talk,” said Catharine, in astonishment.

“True, my child, but the Indians would not have understood me if I had spoken about President Washington, who lives in New York, the capital of our nation. All their great men

are chiefs and all their gatherings council-fires. Then I went on to say :—

“ ‘ *Brothers* : Out of love to you I am come this long way. I wish you to become a happy people. So let us consult each other in a friendly and brotherly manner. Let us wipe off all tears, and let us set our hearts aright.

“ ‘ *Brothers* : You see something very good preparing for you. Make yourselves ready and come and see what it is.’ ”

“ And did they come, father ? ” the younger children asked almost in one breath.

“ Yes, indeed, they came, wearing all the finery they possessed. There were two hundred of them, and with their glistening knives and tomahawks and their long feathers and gay war paint and the few scarlet coats and white shirts that the British had given them, they were a rather frightful looking set of men. Edwin might have liked to see them, but they were too grotesque to please most people. I hardly knew how to speak sensibly to these vain persons, but I believe I said something like this :—

“ ‘ *Brothers* : I thank you for coming to see me. Let us have a happy council-fire. Let us remember that we are brothers,

and that brothers are friends, not foes. The white men want to be at peace with the red men. They want to live near them and help them. They want the chiefs of the white men and the chiefs of the red men to make their people friends.'

"And then the old chief arose. He was a tall, fierce-looking man whom I should not want for an enemy. But he was pleased, I think, if he did scowl and look solemn, for he made a friendly speech. As nearly as I can remember, this is what he said :—

"*My Older Brother* : I rejoice from my heart to see you. My body is not only come here, but my heart is here to speak to you.

"*My Older Brother* : The old chiefs will hear and make you answer. The white people have more sense than we who have a yellow color.

"*My Older Brother* : Take this pipe and present it to your great chief, General Washington. We expect that he will smoke out of it.

"*My Older Brother* : Here is a belt which we request you to deliver to the great chief, General Washington. Salute him

for us all, and tell him that all have made peace.'

"That was a pretty good speech from the old Indian, a better one than we had hoped for. So we signed a treaty, in which the Indians agreed not to molest the white men in their homes, and we in turn promised to take no lands for which we did not pay a fair price. And now, Catharine," said the general, abruptly, "how do you like Marietta?"

"I like everything about it except the Indians," the little girl replied. "I know they will frighten me, but I wish I could hear you talk to them."

"Indeed, I hope I may not have to invite them to make another treaty. And I think there is no doubt that the Indian troubles will be settled soon, perhaps before I take you to Marietta. No," spoke the general, seeming to forget his listeners and to think aloud, "I shall not be sorry for these months away from you all, if Ohio becomes the state we are trying to make it—a place where peaceful, thrifty people may go to make an honest living, where education shall be always encouraged, and where slavery shall be forbidden forever. We hope, mother,"

he concluded, "that it will be a good place for our children; and you and I cannot be sorry to live away from old New England if we see our boys and girls happy and prosperous in Ohio."

LEARN :—

Honor and fame and freedom and empire and the faith of America went with him [General Putnam] as he crossed the threshold.—*Hon. George F. Hoar.*

THE INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON

I

ONE April morning in 1789 three little girls sat primly upon three haircloth chairs in Major Howell's parlor at Trenton, New Jersey. They were three Sarahs—Sarah Howell, Sarah Airy, and Sarah Collins—but they were better known by the names Sarah Howell had given them. "You, Sarah Airy," she had said, "are Sarah A.; I am Sarah B., for Sarah B. Howell; and of course Sarah Collins is Sarah C."

This Monday morning Sarah A. and Sarah C. had come to Sarah B.'s house to go with her and Mrs. Howell to the house of Mr. Armstrong, the minister. Mrs. Howell was not quite ready to start, and Sarah B. had just proposed a play. "Let us pretend that we are ladies, and that you are making a call on me," she said, speaking to both her little friends at once. And as the three sat stiffly down, she added, "We can talk about the new president, for all mother's callers do that now."

There was a short silence. Then Sarah B. felt her responsibility as hostess and said with a grown-up air, "What a wise choice the electors have made in General Washington!" That was a safe remark, she knew, for she had heard it many times in the past week.

"Yes," agreed Sarah A., recalling a conversation she had overheard, "General Washington has saved our country. Now he will make our nation."

"And how glad I am," quoted Sarah C., "that Trenton is to do its part in honoring him on his way to New York! How fortunate, too, that we have a poet in Major Howell!"

Sarah B. heard this last remark with a proud heart. "Of course," she thought, "it isn't proper for me to answer that." So she looked hopefully at Sarah A., who did her best to meet the occasion.

"He is indeed a poet of dispute," she agreed, airily, as became her name.

"Oh, no, Sarah A., you mean *repute*," spoke Sarah C., forgetting the game.

"Maybe I do," answered Sarah A., doubtfully. Then as she heard a smothered laugh from Major Howell in the next room, she became a little girl again at once. "That's a stupid

game," she declared. "Why not play something else?"

"There is not time, children," answered Mrs. Howell, coming into the parlor. "We must start this very minute." And the three Sarahs, joining hands, set out happily for the minister's.

A few days before, General Washington, who had just been elected the first president of the United States, had started from his home at Mt. Vernon for New York to take the oath of office, or to be inaugurated. He was traveling slowly, for it was before the days of railroads, and besides, he was obliged to stop all along the way to receive the homage of a grateful people.

The citizens of Trenton were not to be outdone by any other town on the route. They had decided that at the bridge over the creek where Washington had captured a body of Hessians he should now ride beneath a triumphal arch. More than this, thirteen young ladies and six little girls were to scatter flowers in his path and join their mothers in singing a triumph song.

That song was the poem Major Howell had written, and this Monday morning Mr. Armstrong was to teach it to the ladies and their daughters.

"The song goes very well," said the minister, as his visitors went home. "But I should like one more rehearsal, at the bridge to-morrow morning."

"I wish it were supper-time," said Sarah B. on her way home to dinner. "This day goes so slowly."

When Tuesday morning came, the first glimpse of the great day brought disappointment, for the three Sarahs looked out of their windows, upon a dismal rain.

"Oh, dear!" said Sarah A.

"Oh, dear!" said Sarah B.

"Oh, dear!" said Sarah C., although not one of them had any idea that both the others were saying the very same thing at the same time.

"But it is April," each little girl heard in answer. "The sun will probably come out by noon. Now we must hurry to the bridge."

"The carpenters have finished building the arch," said Mrs. Howell on the way. "We shall have a full morning's work to trim it."

"Are you going to let us help, mother?" asked Sarah B. eagerly.

"You can help by carrying the flowers, perhaps," her mother answered. "But you are not tall enough to help much in the decorating."

The weather persisted in being disagreeable most of the morning, but spite of clouds, the women and girls sang the triumph song and trimmed the lofty arch. The little girls stayed awhile to help, but after an hour or so they were told they must go home. Sarah B. almost cried at the command, but Mrs. Howell said decidedly, "You will be tired enough as it is. And besides," she whispered, "I know a great treat in store for Sarah B. if she is a good girl."

The little girls took their sorrowful leave of the merry workers and the splendid arch. "Isn't it beautiful!" exclaimed Sarah A., as they stopped to look back at the arch, which stretched clear across the road and was supported by six pillars on one side and by seven on the other.

"Why didn't they make it even, with six pillars on each side?" asked Sarah C. curiously.

"Don't you know why there are thirteen pillars? It is because there are thirteen states in our country," promptly returned Sarah B. "And mother told me what the decorations mean, too," she went on. "Do you see those pink and white flowers mixed with the ever-green that is twined about the pillars? That's

laurel, and it's a sign that Washington was victorious in battle."

"And are those festoons inside made of laurel, too?" asked Sarah C.

"Yes, mostly; but I saw mother put some other flowers with the laurel."

"There's nothing quite so pretty as that blue and gold motto, though," said Sarah A. "I wish it were on this side the arch, so we could see it from here. But they want it where Washington can see it as he rides up, I suppose."

"The letters are pretty," said Sarah B. "But I like it because it tells about us."

"Does it?" said Sarah A. wonderingly. "I thought it was about Washington."

"Why, it says 'The defender of the mothers will be the protector of the daughters.' We are the daughters, you know, and Washington defended our mothers when he kept away the wicked British and Hessians before we were born," explained Sarah B. impressively.

"And what's the sunflower for, at the very top? Do you know that, too, Sarah B.?" inquired Sarah C.

"I know what mother said. She told me it was to show that General Washington was the only sun to give life and warmth to the body

politic. Somebody called her away before she could ask her what she meant by 'body politic.'"

"Well, General Washington will understand," answered Sarah A. "And the sunflower is handsome, anyway."

After a nap and an early dinner, the three Sarahs, in stiff white muslins, and holding baskets of flowers in their hands, stood well to the front among a large company of women and girls waiting at the bridge for Washington's party. There were few men or boys on the spot, for Major Howell, Mr. Armstrong, and several other prominent citizens had gone to escort General Washington into the city, and most of the other men and the boys had gone, too.

The April sun had come out gloriously by this time, so that the hour of waiting was hot and tiresome. The little girls grew so uneasy that again and again they ran impatiently through the arch and across the bridge for the first sight of the procession. At last somebody cried, "Look! look! There they come!" Somebody else said, "Children, get your places," and it was scarcely any time before the six children, with their baskets of flowers on their arms, had scampered to their places by the roadside and were waiting excitedly.

Nearer and nearer came the procession. Men on horseback rode first through the arch; behind them were soldiers on foot. But it was the tall, dignified man who rode slowly behind the soldiers that people watched most eagerly. This was General Washington, whose wisdom and perseverance had done so much to make victory possible in the great war with England. As the hero approached, it seemed to the on-lookers as if he was thinking "thank you" with all his heart, for as he rode slowly upon the bridge, he took off his hat respectfully.

Just as he entered the arch, Mrs. Armstrong gave the signal and the song began. Everybody sang the first lines :

" Welcome, mighty chief, once more,
Welcome to this grateful shore !
Now no mercenary foe
Aims at thee the fatal blow,"

and then the girls finished the stanza alone :

" Aims at thee the fatal blow."

The girls began the next verse, " Virgins fair," and their mothers sang, " and matrons grave." Then all sang together :

“These thy conquering arm did save
Build for thee triumphal bowers.”

Then the matrons sang alone :

“Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers,”

and at the word, the girls scattered their flowers gracefully in Washington's path and finished the song themselves with the line :

“Strew your hero's way with flowers.”

It was a most impressive scene, and no one there ever forgot how the simple tribute of flowers and song made the beloved general's eyes grow dim with grateful tears.

“How tall and handsome he was!” Sarah B. confided to her mother, as she gazed admiringly after the procession. “And he looked good, too! If he had only said something!”

But though the modest general could not find voice to thank the little girls who had helped to give him one of the happiest moments of his life, he was even then planning how he might show his gratitude; and before he rode away from Trenton, he wrote this letter :

“General Washington cannot leave this place without expressing his acknowledgments to the



"THE GIRLS SCATTERED FLOWERS IN WASHINGTON'S PATH."

matrons and young ladies who received him in so novel and grateful a manner at the triumphal arch in Trenton. . . . The elegant taste with which it was adorned . . . and the innocent appearance of the white robed choir . . . have made such impression on his remembrance, as, he hopes, will never be effaced.

"Trenton, April 21, 1789."

That night three tired Sarahs took off their white dresses and sleepily recalled bits of the most thrilling day of their lives. But sleepy as she was, Sarah B. had a question to ask. "Mother, have I been good to-day?"

"You know best, Sarah B. But why do you ask?"

"Don't you remember how you said this morning that there was a treat in store for me if I was good?"

"And so there is, dear child. But I don't want to tell you to-night. To-morrow you shall know."

Sarah B. was too sleepy to care much for the delay. She would know soon. Meantime—the blue silk curtains that hung around her bed appeared to change into an enormous arch, and her soft feather bed seemed a garden of fragrant flowers. She played and sang there all night.

II

THE next morning Major Howell said, "Sarah B., do you know why Washington is going to New York?"

"Why, yes. He is going to be president and live there, isn't he?" she answered, wondering a little why her father asked so easy a question.

"That's right," Major Howell replied. "But before he can be president, he has to be inaugurated. That is," in reply to Sarah B.'s questioning look, "he has to promise that he will serve his country faithfully. In about a week he will make this promise publicly, and your mother and I are going to New York to hear him. Would you like to go, too?"

For a moment Sarah B. looked dazed. Go to New York? See the inauguration? Have another look at General Washington? She had never been farther than Princeton in all her life. She answered with an almost breathless question, "Are you really going to take me, father?"

It was nearly a week before Sarah B. could quite believe her good fortune. Then, on Tuesday morning, April 28th, she actually found herself on top of a tally-ho coach riding out of

Trenton towards New York. The Howells planned to spend two days on the journey and intended to reach the capital on Wednesday, the evening before the inauguration.

When Sarah B. looked out of her window Thursday morning, after her first night in New York, she was puzzled. She was looking upon a large, vacant lot where a good many tents were pitched. Could there be soldiers inside?

"Mother," she called, "is this the place where the inauguration is going to be?"

"No, Sarah B.," replied Mrs. Howell, "the inauguration will be held a long distance from here. These tents are occupied by strangers who could not find room at the taverns. New York never held so many people before."

"Yes," added Major Howell, who had just come in from an early morning walk, "the city is running over with visitors. The town seems full of happiness and fresh paint."

Inauguration day was one long delight to Sarah B. The ceremony was not to occur till noon, but all the morning, guns were fired, bells rang, and children shouted, just as on the noisiest Fourth of July. Sarah B., however, did not go out-of-doors till nearly noon; then Major Howell took his family to seats upon a house-top, where

they could see and hear the whole ceremony. The streets were lined with people; and as Sarah B. looked around from her seat opposite Federal Hall, where the inauguration would take place, she could scarcely believe her eyes. She had never expected to be sitting on the top of a house and she had not supposed there were so many people in all the United States.

But why were the people shouting so and waving their hats and handkerchiefs? In an instant she knew without asking. Down there, in a splendid chariot, drawn by four prancing horses, sat the president-elect, tall, stately, and serious, just as he had looked at Trenton.

It was several minutes before Sarah B. had another good look at her hero. Meantime, she grew interested in a conversation she could not help overhearing. Some young ladies near her were talking excitedly, and one said: "But I have seen him, and though I had been ignorant that he had arrived, I should have known him. I never saw a human being look so grand and noble. I could fall on my knees before him and bless him."

Sarah B. heard no more, for Washington had entered Federal Hall, and now was standing upon the balcony between two pillars. While

he was advancing, the shouting had been deafening ; but now the tumult gradually died away and the whole multitude became silent, as it scanned the person of the greatest hero of the day and waited for the words that were to set in operation the grandest government in the world.

General Washington seemed overcome by the heartiness of his welcome. He bowed with great gravity several times, but he did not say a word. " He looks as he did when we scattered the flowers," thought Sarah B.

After a moment he came forward farther, and stepped to the top of a great stone, so that every one saw him plainly. He looked quite the tallest man Sarah B. had ever seen, and she was sure he was the handsomest and the best dressed in the country. He wore a suit of dark brown or of black velvet, she was never quite certain which, with white stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. His head, of course, was uncovered, and his hair, after the fashion of the day, was powdered and tied behind with a large bow.

On one side of Washington stood John Adams, the vice president ; on the other side was Chancellor Livingston, who was to administer the oath of office ; while between Washington and

Livingston was Secretary Otis, holding an open Bible on a crimson cushion.

A gesture from the chancellor arrested every one's attention. Amid a breathless silence, he looked at Washington, and then, clearly and slowly he asked the question so full of meaning to every loyal heart: "Do you solemnly swear that you will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of your ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States?"

Otis raised the Bible. Washington bent down to kiss it; and as he did so, he said audibly, "I swear"; and then with closed eyes he added the prayer, "So help me, God."

"It is done," spoke the chancellor; and turning to the spectators, he waved his hand and exclaimed, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

Then the whole city burst forth into acts and shouts of praise. Seemingly of its own accord, a flag floated on the cupola of Federal Hall. All the bells in the city rang; the people shouted and wept and waved their hats and handkerchiefs. To her amazement, Sarah B. found herself wiping away the tears, though why she cried, she could not tell. Her mother told her

afterwards that she stood up and shouted with the rest, but the little girl had no recollection of rising from her seat. In all her after life, Sarah B. never saw a multitude so deeply moved.

After a while the sound of shouting died, and the crowd dispersed. President Washington returned to Federal Hall to deliver his inaugural address to the Senate and the House of Representatives; but the Howells, with many others, went directly to St. Paul's chapel, where the president would come a little later. Sarah B. expected to see her hero ride to the church in that splendid chariot of the morning, but in this she was disappointed. The man whom the nation praised did not care for parade, but, like the humblest citizen, he walked to the church, where all men are equal.

The rejoicing over the new president lasted far into the night. That evening it seemed to Sarah B. that she walked through fairyland. The streets were ablaze with light; the heavens were brilliant with fireworks; and out in the harbor there was a great ship at anchor, looking like a vast pyramid of stars that had fallen from the sparkling sky. But most wonderful of all were the transparencies in front of the public buildings and the more important dwelling-

houses. They were so wonderful that Sarah B. almost held her breath for fear the beautiful visions would vanish as she looked.

When all the Sarahs were together again at Major Howell's, the fortunate one had a long story to tell. This time the little girls did not play that they were grown people, for they could not talk fast enough that way. Instead, the two callers asked all manner of questions, and drew deep breaths of envious admiration when they heard about the fireworks, the ship, the flags, and the transparencies.

"Oh," sighed Sarah B. at last, as recollections rushed and crowded, "sometimes I think I dreamed it after all!"

But as Sarah B. grew to be a woman, that inauguration week settled into the most definite memory of her childhood. It was her earliest lesson in patriotism, and she learned it well; for the simple inaugural ceremony helped her to understand how great and good was the man whom all his countrymen delighted to honor, and who molded the sentiment of the young nation after his own pure pattern of nobility.

LEARN :—

Integrity and firmness are all I can promise.—*From Washington's letter accepting his election to the presidency.*

THE STORY OF THE COTTON GIN

I

"LOUISA, have you seen Mr. Whitney this morning?" inquired Mrs. Greene one pleasant forenoon in March, as she came upon her little daughter in the orange grove.

"No, mother, not since breakfast. It may be that he is in that room where he stays so much. Shall I find out for you?"

"No, Louisa, I will go myself. You know I am not willing that you should disturb Mr. Whitney."

Mrs. Greene was turning away, when Louisa's brother Nathaniel came running up with three large oranges. "See what fine ones these are," he said, offering one to his mother and another to his sister. "If you would let me go to Mr. Whitney's room, mother, I should like to take him an orange," he added, mischievously.

"No, Nathaniel," answered Mrs. Greene, with a bit of reproof in her voice. "You know very well that you are not to interrupt Mr. Whitney. But I will take him the orange."

As Mrs. Greene walked towards the house, the children looked after her curiously. "Where's Mr. Miller?" asked Nathaniel, abruptly, as his mother disappeared through a door leading to the basement. Mr. Miller was a lawyer who was living with the Greenes, helping to settle the estate of the children's father.

"Downstairs, too, I suppose," answered Louisa. "I saw him go into the house a while ago. Oh, dear, I wish we knew just exactly what Mr. Whitney is making!" she sighed.

"But weren't we fortunate to find out that he's making anything at all?" answered her brother, consolingly. "Martha and Cornelia think he's studying law. What a joke!"

"Of course," remarked Louisa in a rather lofty way, "we know better than that. We know he is making a machine that will do something to cotton."

"But just listen, Louisa!" And Nathaniel went over the reasoning he had used so often in the past few weeks. "Mr. Whitney walked all the way to Savannah and back just to get some cotton with the seeds in it; so, of course, he is experimenting with the seeds. And we both heard mother ask him last fall if there wasn't a way to get the seeds out by machinery. Don't you

see, he must be making a machine to clean the cotton?"

"I think he is, Nathaniel," said Louisa. "But I want to know, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," her brother admitted. "Still we know well enough. And won't Aunt Dinah be pleased?" he went on. "You know how hard it is for her to pick the seeds out after she has been stooping in the hot sun all day."

"Oh, Nathaniel!" exclaimed Louisa, quite possessed by a new and happy thought. "You know the song Aunt Dinah sings when she's picking cotton, don't you? Let us go down to the basement near that room they've locked themselves into, and sing that. Then they will suspect that we have found out the secret."

"Come on!" cried Nathaniel, seizing her hand. "Perhaps they will let us in when they find that we know," he gasped a minute later, when they were almost at the house.

Unhappily for the curious musicians, they did not get the invitation they wanted, and they went away no wiser than they came. Could they have looked into the closed room, however, they would have been jubilant enough.

There were Mr. Whitney, Mrs. Greene, and Mr. Miller standing about a table in a corner,

examining something made of wood, wire, and brushes. "I have attached so much wire since yesterday," Mr. Whitney was explaining. "But, hark!" he said. "Hear those little rogues!"

And they all listened to the song that came from outside:

"Oh, de cotton fields am white an' de pickers is but few,
Save me, Lord, from sinkin' down;
If your fingers isn't nimble, sure you nebber will get
troo,
Save me, Lord, from sinkin' down;
If your bags is very light, den de overseer's lash,
Save me, Lord, from sinkin' down;
If you're laffin' in de mornin', den at night your teef
will gnash,
Save me, Lord, from sinkin' down!"

"Do you suppose," Mr. Miller asked in some surprise, as the song ended, "that those children have any idea of what Eli is doing?"

"Well, I'm pretty sure," answered Mrs. Greene, "that they were wondering a good deal about it when I left them in the orange grove. And of course I think they are rather bright children."

"It is too bad to make them live all winter in the midst of such mystery," said Mr. Whitney.

"They are so young, they like it," answered



AUNT DINAH IN THE COTTON FIELD.

Mrs. Greene. "It is Martha and Cornelia who are just a little troubled by what they think is lack of confidence, for they feel themselves young ladies now."

"But in two weeks or so," said Mr. Whitney, "there will be no more need of secrecy. Then my machine will be ready to run a race with fifty black women in picking out the cotton seeds. I truly think," continued the young mechanic, "that you will find the invention useful enough to repay you for all the kindness you have shown me since last September. I am almost glad now that I didn't get the chance to teach that I expected."

"The invention will succeed, I know," answered Mrs. Greene, unwilling to hear anything more said of her own goodness in giving a home to the disappointed boy from Massachusetts. "And should it fail," she continued, "you have made so many useful things for me and the children that even now I am in your debt. But there is the dinner bell. Let us go upstairs."

At dinner Nathaniel and Louisa heard something that almost made up for their disappointment of half an hour before. "I am thinking of having a party in two or three weeks," their mother announced.

A party! That meant a gala day indeed, with company, and best clothes, and delicious things to eat. Everybody looked interested, and Louisa's face beamed with delight.

"I am going to invite several plantation owners from all over the state," continued Mrs. Greene.

"Shall you invite the army officers who were here last fall and said very kind things about father?" asked Cornelia.

"Yes, I mean to invite them and a number of other gentlemen, besides," her mother answered. "And, children," she added, "on the day of the party you shall all know Mr. Whitney's secret. But there must be no more teasing him, remember."

"We will remember, mother," promised Nathaniel for them all. "But Louisa and I know the secret now," he added confidently.

II

For the next two weeks Mrs. Greene's plantation was the busiest place round about. Even the sun and the rain seemed to understand that Mulberry Grove must look its best to receive its distinguished visitors, and took turns in making the trees and growing crops attractive.

But during these days the children waited more curiously than ever. For even the theory that Mr. Whitney was trying to clean cotton by machinery could not explain everything. There was a new mystery now. The overseer had ordered two of the best negro workmen to erect a small building not far from the house. What could that log hut be intended for? No wonder the children were puzzled; for already, besides the large, rambling dwelling house at Mulberry Grove, there were stables and a coach-house, a large out-kitchen, a poultry-house, a pigeon-house, and a fine smoke-house. Why should Mrs. Greene need another building?

The log house could not be for the use of the slaves, because it was too near Mrs. Greene's own dwelling. Moreover, the building was not finished like a house. It had only one room and that was dark when the door was shut. The door was heavy, however, and had a strong lock, just like the doors of a good many houses.

This mystery was too deep even for the imaginative children, and one day the little girl said daringly, "Mr. Whitney, can you think of anything that a small dark house with only one room could be used for?"

"If you cannot guess, Louisa," he answered, "I don't think I'd better try."

Louisa was silenced. "I think," she told Nathaniel afterwards, "that he was making fun of me. Still," she added, "he probably knows that we have guessed what his machine is for."

One sunny April day the mysteries of the closed room and the new house were revealed together. Just before noon there arrived at Mulberry Grove several of the leading gentlemen of Georgia, and soon Nathaniel and Louisa were summoned to the drawing-room to meet the visitors. "Here are my two youngest children, gentlemen," explained Mrs. Greene. "This is my son Nathaniel, his father's namesake, and this is little Louisa, whom her father never saw."

Presently the visitors fell to talking of gallant General Greene, "Next to General Washington, the bravest officer," they declared, "of all the Continental army."

By this time the children were enjoying the party to the full, and their faces were rosy with pride and pleasure. And what was their mother saying? "Dinner is served, gentlemen. My children have looked forward so eagerly to

meeting their father's old friends that they are all, even Louisa, to eat with us to-day."

"Isn't this the best party we ever had?" whispered Louisa, as she and Nathaniel walked behind the visitors to the dining-room.

"Yes; and probably mother will tell the secret at dinner," Nathaniel whispered in return.

That was just what happened. Towards the close of the meal the children heard their mother saying: "Gentlemen, those of you who were here last fall will recall the talk we had about increasing the cotton crop in Georgia. You were wondering if some quick way might not be discovered of taking out the seeds, for in that case we could raise large quantities of cotton for exportation. I remember that I said to you then: 'Gentlemen, apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney. He can make anything.' I believe that statement now more firmly than I did then; for this winter Mr. Whitney has constructed the very machine we need. It will pick the seeds out of the cotton thoroughly and quickly—indeed, it will clean as much cotton in one day as my fastest slave, old Dinah, can clean in fifty days."

The visitors were amazed, and congratulated Mr. Whitney with much warmth. "We can

scarcely credit such a story," they said, "it seems so wonderful. But if your machine is a success, it will bring a great future to the South."

"Indeed, gentlemen," said Mrs. Greene, "to make you perfectly certain of the worth of the invention, we will take you after dinner to see the new machine. It is in the small building you may have noticed not far from the house."

Now the Greene children were well-behaved, and a hundred years ago well-behaved children never spoke at the table, if, indeed, they were fortunate enough to eat with their elders at all. But Nathaniel and Louisa were so glad to think that they had guessed the great secret and to know what use was to be made of the new building, that they looked triumphantly at each other, while Louisa whispered excitedly and loud enough for most of the guests to hear, "Oh, Nathaniel, we did guess it, didn't we?"

After dinner the whole company went at once to inspect the cotton gin, as Mr. Whitney called his machine. There in the middle of the new building it stood—a rather small, box-like affair with a handle that could be turned.

Louisa's first view was disappointing. "I thought it would fill the room," she told her

brother. "Just think, Mr. Whitney worked on it all winter!"

But now Mr. Whitney had put some green seed cotton into the hopper and was turning the crank. The machine worked precisely as its inventor expected: the sharp wire teeth that revolved when the crank was turned tore the cotton apart, so that the seeds fell out; these seeds were retained in the hopper because of their size, but a brush seized the bits of cotton and carried them, clean and fluffy, into another compartment.

"Wonderful!" "Marvelous!" exclaimed those who found any voice at all.

"Of course you will get a patent at once," some one said at last to the young inventor.

"I hardly know what to do, sir," Mr. Whitney answered. "I planned, upon graduation from Yale, to be a lawyer, and I feel that it may be better for me to carry out that idea than to attempt to make money from this or any other invention."

"But your future is made, young man," the older gentleman insisted. "Is it possible that you do not see what the cotton gin will do for the South?"

"I do think, sir," modestly answered Mr.

Whitney, "that it is a valuable invention. But I am not sure that it will be easy to patent the machine. I am half inclined to think that it is better for me to keep to the law."

Like wildfire the news of Eli Whitney's cotton gin spread over the state, and crowds flocked to Mulberry Grove for a glimpse of the new machine.

"The people are crazy over the prospect, Eli," said Mr. Miller. "You must not throw your right away. Get a patent on your invention, and then let us be partners and make the machines to sell. I will furnish the money if you will oversee the work."

Mr. Whitney at length agreed. "And it will be best," he concluded, "to make the gins in the North, where people will not understand their use and value. I should like to start the factory in New Haven."

Louisa looked amazed when she heard that Mr. Whitney was going away. "Going away!" she echoed blankly, as she thought of her garden spade and her doll carriage that Mr. Whitney had made. "I don't want him to go away," she cried. "Why, mother, he's the cleverest man I know."

"He is the cleverest man I know, too," answered her mother. "And, Eli," continued Mrs. Greene, "I count it a great honor to have introduced to the world the inventor of the cotton gin. I feel as sorry as Louisa does to have you leave us. Be sure that my home will always have a warm welcome for you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Greene," stammered the blushing young man. "I shall certainly avail myself of such kindness."

"Does that mean that you are coming again?" asked Louisa, eagerly.

"Indeed, I hope so," answered Mr. Whitney, as if he did not really care to go away.

All this happened in 1793. The rest of the story covers a good many years, and leaves very few pleasant things to tell. It was well that Mr. Whitney invented other machinery that gave him a comfortable income, for the cotton gin never brought him even a fair reward. Eli Whitney is still the greatest benefactor the South has ever had, but his reward was ingratitude and dishonesty.

Trouble began for the inventors a few days after Mr. Whitney left Mulberry Grove for New Haven, when one night men broke into the log house and stole the machine. Then people

studied its construction, built others similar to it, and used them openly.

But if the outlook for the young inventor was dark in Georgia, it was even darker in New Haven. Mr. Whitney went to New York on business, was ill there three weeks with fever and ague, and returned at last to New Haven only to find his factory burned, with all his machines, plans, and papers.

“And still, though I am four thousand dollars in debt,” wrote Mr. Whitney to Mr. Miller in describing the accident, “I am not disheartened.”

“I will devote all my time, all my thoughts, all my exertions, and all the money I can earn or borrow, to complete the business we have undertaken,” wrote Mr. Miller in answer.

Then came a fresh discouragement. Men in England were reported as saying that the cotton gin injured the cotton, and for a time only a few planters in America were willing to use the machine. Soon, however, people found that there was no truth in the charge, and the cotton gin was in greater demand than ever.

After a time two of the southern states paid the inventor something for the use of his cotton gin ; but Georgia was always ungrateful and un-

fair. Sixty times did Mr. Whitney ask redress there, before the courts would say even that he had been wronged ; and six times did the persevering inventor make the long journey from Connecticut to Georgia, almost always going by land and driving in an open sulky, only to meet with repeated discourtesy and dishonesty.

In short, misfortunes great and small came so thick and fast to the firm of Miller and Whitney, that when Nathaniel and Louisa Greene were grown up, they remembered the mystery of the closed room and the day of the party as the happiest part of the whole story of the cotton gin.

LEARN :—

THE YANKEE BOY

Thus by his genius and his jackknife driven,
Ere long he'll solve you any problem given ;
Make any jimcrack, musical or mute,
A plow, a coach, an organ, or a flute ;

* * * * *

Make it, said I?—Aye, when he undertakes it,
He'll make the thing, and the machine that makes it.

—*John Pierpont.*

THE PARKERS' MOVING AND SETTLING

I

TWENTY-TWO years before Maine became a state, Scarborough Parker moved his family from Cambridge, Massachusetts, to what is now Jay, Maine, but was then Jay, Massachusetts. In fact, two of his grandchildren in later years thought it a good joke to tell that one was born in Massachusetts and the other in Maine, and yet they were both born in the same house and in the same room.

Catharine Parker could not understand why her father wished to leave his comfortable home in Cambridge to make a home almost in the wilderness; but preparations went on in spite of her hope that something would prevent their moving, and one day in early May in the spring of 1798 the whole family, with their household furnishings, their oxen, the new white oak ox-cart, the two cows, and a good food supply, boarded a barge in Boston Harbor.

To travel from Boston to the mouth of the

Kennebec River and up that river was to follow the same route which Benedict Arnold took in the fall of 1775, when he led his ill-fated expedition against Quebec, except that General Arnold started from Newburyport, about twenty-five miles north of Boston.

It was Tuesday morning when the barge left Boston. The winds were fair, and Wednesday morning saw the barge at the mouth of the Kennebec, about one hundred and twenty-five miles from Boston. The pioneers sailed by old Fort Popham, then between the beautiful wooded banks of the river, until after a sail of forty miles up the river, they reached the little town of Hallowell. This was as far as the barges went in those days.

“When Benedict Arnold and his army were here in '75,” said Catharine’s father, “they rested just above here at Fort Western for three days before they embarked in the flat-bottomed boats which were to carry them farther up the river. The people near Fort Western made them a great feast. I have heard one of the men tell that they had three bears roasted whole in frontier style, an abundance of venison, smoked salmon, and huge pumpkin pies, all washed down with plenty of West India rum.”

When Catharine watched her father load the ox-cart for the journey of twenty-five miles across country, she saw him put on a barrel of salt beef, a barrel of salt pork, some corn-meal, and a quantity of salt fish. She felt that venison and pumpkin pies would taste a great deal better than anything they would have before they reached their new home in the wilderness, or for some time after they reached it. But she felt even more sober when her father poured the brine from both barrels to lighten the load, and her mother said, "I greatly fear that the meat may become tainted, but we must take the risk." Poor Catharine forgot about roast meat and pies, and began to be troubled lest they should not have enough of any kind of food.

"We may get some fresh bear steak on the way," said her father.

Catharine's eyes were very round as she gasped, "Shall we really see any bears, father?"

"Probably not, my little girl. But I do not expect you to grow up in the new home without seeing more than one bear, though I do not fear," he added, lest Catharine should be troubled, "that you will come to any harm from them."

The journey from Hallowell to Jay was slow.

The road was poor and wound over the tops of the hills, for settlers felt safer upon the heights and also considered the high lands better for farming purposes. It was almost nightfall of the third day when the little party reached its destination at what is now Stone's Corner.

Mr. Parker and his family had received such hospitable treatment the two preceding nights that it was no surprise to Catharine to hear Major Stone extend an invitation to them all to spend the night at his home. It was a queer house built like a shed and having the rooms in tiers. Catharine thought it very much like soldiers' barracks, and she rejoiced the next morning when she learned that they were to live there several months until her father could clear some of his land, which was just north of Major Stone's, do some planting, and build a house of his own.

Major Stone and other settlers not far away helped Mr. Parker in his house raising, as it was called. Then all in turn helped Major Stone raise the fine, large house which he soon after built in front of the shed-like building. It seemed a little like Cambridge when Catharine could look across the clearing and see the "Mansion," as it was called for a hundred years

after ; but there was little else either inside or outside the new home to recall her town life.

II

IN the moving there had been so much of novelty that Catharine had not felt homesick ; in the settling, it was fortunate she was very, very busy, for she missed a great many of the conveniences of her old home. The mail came only once a week, by a carrier who traveled on horseback from Hallowell as far as Farmington. This was the only connection with the outside world. Inside the new home there was little furniture, no carpets, no pictures, few dishes. Catharine ate her hominy out of a wooden trencher, which was really nothing but a wooden block with a plate-like hollow scooped out. For a number of years the Parkers used the wooden dishes, with a very few pewter pieces. Much of the corn that was made into hominy was pounded by hand in a mortar which was simply a maple stump hollowed out in the centre. The heavy pestle hung on a swaying bough overhead because the natural spring of the branch was a help in keeping up the wearisome motion of pounding.

In spite of the great change from the life to



THE MAIL CARRIER.

which she was accustomed, Catharine was happy, working about the house, helping to milk, learning to spin, and looking after her younger brother. One day, when she was taking care of Jonathan and Major Stone's little Aaron, she saw her first bear. Such a fright as she had! Yet her fears were not for herself.

It happened one bright afternoon in September; the children were playing in the road within calling distance, and Catharine was sitting on the door-stone, sewing. Looking up, she saw some animal trotting out of the woods and coming across the pasture towards the road.

"See this enormous dog!" she called to her mother, who was spinning just inside the house. Her mother stepped to the door and saw instantly that Catharine's dog was a big black bear. Only a few steps from the children, there was a small building that Mr. Parker had put up for a drying-house. Mrs. Parker saw that the door was ajar.

"Quick! Run into the drying-house, children, and shut the door tight!" she called. The children, used to obeying, did promptly what they were told, and Mrs. Parker drew a long breath. Catharine was too frightened to move.

"What shall we do?" she gasped.

"Nothing, I think," answered her mother, watching the bear. The heavy animal did not appear to have noticed the children, and keeping his original course, crossed the road a few rods north of the drying-house and trotted along through the west clearing. Mrs. Parker watched him as far as she could, then she let the children out of their prison, told them the story, and bade them play in front of the house.

It was the first bear that any of the Stones or the Parkers had ever seen, and Major Stone told Catharine that she would never see another, as settlers were constantly coming to Jay and to the surrounding towns and cutting down the forests, so that the bears were finding homes farther north.

The Parkers had spent their first Thanksgiving in the new home with Major Stone's family. The plan was that the Stones should spend the second Thanksgiving with the Parkers. The day before the second Thanksgiving, Mr. Parker went into the woods to work, taking his gun with him.

Mrs. Parker and Catharine were busy in the kitchen, while Jonathan and Aaron played near by and occasionally asked for a taste of the good

things which were being cooked for the feast of the next day.

Out in the west clearing there were two sheep and twin lambs, such as Mrs. Parker had for some time been anxious to own.

"There's a big dog after the sheep!" cried Jonathan, looking out the window.

Mrs. Parker had gone to the attic for some sage. Catharine hurried to the window and saw at once that a bear was chasing their precious sheep.

"A bear!" she screamed.

Instantly she dashed from the house and rushed towards the sheep pen under the barn, to open the heavy gate. The sheep were running wildly towards the house. Catharine meant to give them a chance to escape from their tormentor and be safe in their pen. Thinking, even in her excitement, of the timidity of the lambs, she stood concealed behind the gate until she heard the panting group inside. Then she swung the gate quickly into place. But to her horror she found that the bear had so increased his speed that she had actually shut him in, too!

Catharine did not stop to go into the house but ran to Major Stone's as fast as she could.

The major, who was a very calm, dignified man, refused to believe that there was any bear in the sheep pen. To quiet the frightened child, however, he took down his gun and went with her to the Parker home. When they reached the sheep pen, they found that the bear had killed one of the lambs ; but that for some reason, perhaps because of surprise at his surroundings, he had not harmed the other lamb and the two sheep. He was about to strike the second lamb, when a shot from the major's gun killed him instantly.

Catharine was considered a heroine, of course. The family spoke of Catharine's bear and Catharine's bearskin rug, and Catharine's bear steak for some time afterwards. Catharine said that it was Major Stone's bear ; but she enjoyed none the less this first and last bear steak that she ever ate.

"It is like the feast given to Arnold's men," she said that Thanksgiving day as she looked upon the heavily-laden table. "I never expected to have such good things here in Jay. Here I am having maple syrup instead of that old West India rum that Arnold's soldiers had, and rabbit pie and suet pudding instead of their venison and smoked salmon ; but I have bear steak and

pumpkin pie just as they did. I wouldn't exchange with them or anybody else now."

LEARN :—

The violet sprung at spring's first tinge,

The rose of summer spread its glow,

The maize hung on the autumn fringe,

Rude winter brought its snow :—

And still the settler labored there,

His shout and whistle woke the air,

As cheerily he plied

His garden spade, or drove his share

Along the hillock's side.

—*Alfred Billings Street.*

THE SUCCESS OF ROBERT FULTON

I

LUTHER FREELAND was born on the day on which President Washington died. "If the little fellow lives to be a man," his father said, "he will see wonders, I know. The country has gone safely through the Revolution, and General Washington has made the states into a nation. Now we shall have time for inventions, and our little boy will live in a world of magic."

"Perhaps so," assented Mrs. Freeland, rather doubtfully, "but I don't see how the world can change much more. Life is ever so much easier than it was before the war. And you know how rapid the mail service is getting. Don't you remember that sister Jane's last letter came from Boston in less than five days? And how much more comfortable traveling is than it used to be! It is ever so much easier to ride in a stagecoach than on a pillion.

"Just think of the stoves that Mr. Franklin made," she continued. "We shall have no

trouble in keeping warm if we can afford one of those. Really," decided Mrs. Freeland, "I don't see what more we can expect."

"Well, wife, I don't know exactly, myself. But I believe some way will be discovered of getting around more easily and quickly. The change may not come in our day, but I should not be surprised if this little fellow would travel from New York to Boston in a good deal shorter time than Jane's letter came. To my way of thinking, that Scotchman who has been experimenting so much with steam will make something to astonish us all some day."

Mr. Freeland was what we call a farsighted man; but how surprised even he would have been had he known that his little Luther would one day travel from New York to Boston in six hours and from Boston to Liverpool in six days, all by the mighty power of steam that the Scotchman, James Watt, had so gloriously foretold! For it was true that the little fellow would see wonders.

When Luther was an old man, he used to look back over his life and recall the marvelous inventions that made the nineteenth century famous. But of all the experiences those inventions brought him, none ever seemed

quite so strange or delightful as a certain boat ride that he took in the year 1807.

Luther lived on the bank of the Hudson River, just opposite the present city of Poughkeepsie. When he was a little boy, he liked to sit on the bluff and look down upon the blue river. He liked to watch the white-sailed boats moving gracefully up and down the stream and the little rowboats making their way more painfully along the shore. But his greatest pleasure was to go with his father for a row or a sail. The trip was always over too soon. "Why don't we sail to Albany?" or "Why can't we row down to New York?" he used to ask, when they had gone a short distance up or down the river.

"There isn't time, my child," or "The wind isn't right," the father would answer. "But some day you shall go down the river to New York."

One August morning when Luther was nearly eight years old, he was playing alone at some distance from the house, and as usual within plain sight of the river. Happening to look down stream where the sailboats generally waved their white signals in the breeze, he saw something that startled him. Right in the

middle of the river a huge black object was moving slowly up the stream ; out of it poured a column of thick, sooty smoke. As fast as he could, the little boy ran towards the house, crying excitedly, " Oh, father ! mother ! Come quick ! There's a house on fire in the river, coming this way ! And it has a front and back yard ! "

That wasn't so poor a description, after all. Luther had never seen an engine of any kind. How was he to know that the long dark cylinder from which the smoke rose was only a smoke-stack, or that what seemed a house with its front and back yards was but a common open river boat with a covered engine ?

Mr. and Mrs. Freeland, amazed at their boy's words, hurried with Luther to the bluff overlooking the river. Some of the neighbors, seeing the commotion, hurried after them ; and in less than five minutes after Luther caught sight of the strange craft, a company of ten or twelve people were watching it from the shore.

" What is it ? Oh, what is it ? Will it kill us ? " shrieked one of the women, wildly.

" It's a sea monster," some one answered.

" It is the work of the Evil One," proclaimed another, solemnly.

But in spite of fears, every one gazed fixedly at the dark object as it came rapidly nearer and nearer. It was a boat—they saw that clearly now. But what made it move?

“There are no sails,” said one.

“There are no oars,” declared another.

“There are no spars or rigging,” said a third.

Before long everybody could see the curious play of the walking beam and piston, and the sight brought fresh terror. Then as the monster came nearer, they saw the slow turning and splashing of the paddle wheels that churned the blue Hudson into foaming froth.

“Run! Run for your lives!” shouted an excitable woman. And Mrs. Freeland, having tight hold of little Luther’s hand, started for the house. But her husband stopped her. “No, no, wife,” said he. “I know now what it is. It will not hurt us. It’s a boat that goes by steam, but I do not know any more about it. Look on the decks. Can’t you see men there? Let us watch it out of sight.”

Mr. Freeland’s calmness and his explanation soothed everybody. It was not a sea monster, after all. It was just a boat propelled by steam, whatever that meant. Then they would stay and watch it.



"SOON THE BOAT CAME ABREAST OF THE LITTLE GROUP."

Soon the boat came abreast of the little group on the bluff. It looked terrifying still, but it was going by, and the more frightened of the neighbors breathed a sigh of relief. But now that the danger seemed past, every one watched eagerly to find out what made the boat go. There were four men on deck, but they seemed to do nothing except to walk around here and there, as if making certain that everything was as it should be.

Mr. Freeland, the most courageous of those on the bank, waved his hand to one of the men on deck and received a salute in return. "What is it?" he shouted. All the spectators caught the answer above the din of the paddles: "*The Clermont*—trial trip—New York to Albany."

Silently the little company watched the strange craft up the river out of sight; but when it had vanished around a projecting cliff, they plied Mr. Freeland with questions.

"How can steam make a boat go, Mr. Freeland?"

"How fast was she going, Mr. Freeland?"

"Who made her, Mr. Freeland?"

"My friends," answered Luther's father, "I do not know the answers to any of the questions that you ask me. I should say, however, that the boat went about four miles an hour. But

how steam could turn those wheels is a mystery to me, though I've long suspected that steam would some day be a great power in the world. When little Luther was born, I told his mother that he would see wonders, but I didn't think they would come so soon."

"But what will be the use of such a boat as this, Mr. Freeland?"

"Why, if steam navigation succeeds, I fancy we shall go from New York to Albany in half the time a sailboat can carry us," answered Mr. Freeland confidently.

"Should you dare trust yourself on such a thing?" inquired a timid woman.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Freeland. "And more than that, if this boat is a success, I'm going to ride on her as soon as I can after she begins to take passengers."

Luther's eyes and mouth flew wide open. "Oh, father!" he began; but he stopped, wondering if he dared ask what he wanted. But his father saved him the trouble. "And, Luther," he said, "if you like, we will take our trip to New York in a steamboat some day."

"Oh, father!" said Luther again; but once more he stopped. The prospect was too great for words.

Presently the little group went back to their various homes. They had seen the wonder of their lives. Some were awed, some still frightened, some incredulous. But Luther was wholly happy.

II

THE steamboat that had puffed its way triumphantly up the Hudson that August morning was the chief topic of conversation for many a day. All manner of stories went abroad ; but Mr. Freeland, who was too sensible a man to believe every rumor, in a day or two had found out a large part of the truth.

“ It seems,” he told Mrs. Freeland and Luther, “ that there is a man in New York who for years has been trying to make a boat go by steam. We haven’t heard of him before, because he has up to this time been making experiments in Europe. His name is Robert Fulton ; but I can’t learn much more about him except that he was born somewhere in Pennsylvania and that he is planning to run the *Clermont* as a passenger boat between New York and Albany.

“ Now I must go to New York on business in a month or so and I mean to take passage on

the *Clermont* from Poughkeepsie. I am sure there is one person who would like to go with me," he added, looking at Luther, who flushed with pleasure. "But how about Luther's mother?" he questioned.

"No," replied Mrs. Freeland. "You know how timid I am upon the water. I should not enjoy the sail at all. Indeed, I am afraid that I should only spoil your good time and Luther's. I will stay here and worry about you just as little as I can."

That day the steamboat came splashing down the river on her return trip and the same curious crowd collected on the river bank. The *Clermont* was less of a terror and more of a wonder now; but many felt with Mrs. Freeland that they did not care to take passage on her.

Luther could not understand that feeling. To be on the water was in itself a pleasure; but to go on a boat that could make its own way through the water—who could think of anything more delightful? And there was a whole month to wait!

Soon the *Clermont* made regular trips up and down the river, and Luther had regular hours for watching on the bluff. But after he had watched the wonderful boat go up towards Al-

bany eight times and down towards New York seven times, he found himself one morning watching for her from the Poughkeepsie shore; and when the *Clermont*, on her eighth trip down stream, went puffing by the Freeland house, Luther was waving from the deck a happy good-bye to his mother on the bluff. Then, with a sudden, satisfying joy, he realized that he was actually on his way to New York in the most marvelous boat in the world.

When the *Clermont* had steamed some distance down the river, Mr. Freeland and Luther left their places in the stern and started to walk to the other end of the boat. They had gone almost to the big wheels when Luther exclaimed, "Did you ever see such a large boat before, father?"

"No, Luther, I never did. I should think she must be twelve times as long as our rowboat. But look," said Mr. Freeland, pointing towards the bow, "do you see that man, the one who seems to be examining something?"

"Do you mean the man with a shoe on one foot and only a stocking on the other?" asked Luther, as he looked in the direction in which his father pointed.

"Yes," laughed Mr. Freeland. "I hadn't

noticed his feet before. I think, Luther, that man must be Mr. Fulton."

Luther gazed upon the great man admiringly. "I am glad I've seen him," he said at last. Then Mr. Freeland called Luther's attention to the paddle wheel; and when they looked up again, there stood Mr. Fulton himself intently observing that same wheel. At length the inventor seemed satisfied with his inspection and turned to leave; but just as he was walking away, he saw Luther looking at him with so much admiration and respect that even though he had been too busy to put on both shoes, he stopped to speak to the little fellow.

"Good-morning, my boy," he said. "Is this your first ride on the *Clermont*?"

Here was an honor even greater than Luther had hoped for. His face beamed, but his tongue moved slowly as he answered, "Yes, sir."

"My little boy," interposed Mr. Freeland, "is, I am sure, the most enthusiastic passenger the *Clermont* has ever carried. For a month he has almost lived on the river bank."

Mr. Fulton looked at Luther again. "Should you like to see my engine?" he inquired.

And Luther found just voice enough to say, "Yes, sir, I should."

"If you will wait a few minutes till I come back," said the inventor to Mr. Freeland, "I will show you and your boy how the boat works."

"Thank you, Mr. Fulton," replied Mr. Freeland warmly. "You will give great pleasure to us both."

While they were waiting, Mr. Freeland and Luther walked around among the other passengers. They counted nearly fifty of them. Most of the people seemed to be enjoying the novel ride and the numerous small boys of Luther's age were so happy that they ran gleefully all over the boat.

There were a few passengers, however, who did not seem glad of their privilege, and Luther saw one woman in particular who appeared to be most uncomfortable. She was so nervous, she explained to Mr. Freeland, that she could not sit still and so frightened that she dared not walk about. "Dear me!" thought Luther, "there's nothing else she can do." But he decided afterwards that when she talked she forgot her nervousness and her fright. "And that must be the reason," he reflected, "that she talks to everybody."

"Now," said Mr. Fulton, reappearing, "I

shall be at leisure for a while. Let us look at the engine."

"Will you tell me," asked Mr. Freeland as they followed Mr. Fulton to the lower part of the boat, "how long you have been at work on this invention?"

"Nearly all my life," was the prompt reply. "When I was a boy I built paddle wheels for my fishing boat, and ever since I have been trying to turn those wheels by steam instead of by hand."

"Were you the first to attempt steam navigation, Mr. Fulton?" inquired Mr. Freeland.

"Not by any means," Mr. Fulton replied. "The idea of steam navigation is not new. I suppose that as early as 1543 an Italian moved a boat nearly three miles by steam. Ever since, men have been trying to find the right way to use the steam, but I think that now for the first time we have the secret.

"I almost succeeded in Paris, however, a short time ago. A friend and I had built our boat; but the night before she was to make her trial trip, her frame broke and she sunk. Of course we raised the machinery and the fragments of the hull at once, but the boat had to be rebuilt. It was a discouraging experience: for though

she did finally travel a short distance on the Seine, she did not go fast enough. But I know what the trouble was, and I think I have remedied it in the *Clermont*."

Then Mr. Fulton showed the working of his engine—that wonderful means for utilizing the steam power—and Luther had his first lesson in mechanics. He learned how the steam pushed the piston rod back and forth; how the piston rod controlled the walking beam; and how the walking beam in turn made the great paddle wheels revolve. And thus the steam—that invisible giant who had had his freedom these thousands of years—was fairly caught at last by the power of a man's mind and was made man's servant forever.

"Thank you, Mr. Fulton," Mr. Freeland was saying, "how simple it all seems now! Your steamboat ——"

"Mr. Fulton! Mr. Fulton!" screamed some one from above. Scarcely had the inventor disappeared in answer when the boat stopped with a jerk, and Luther fell violently against his father. In an instant, however, Mr. Freeland had the little boy on his feet and both hastened outside.

What a commotion! People were jostling

each other this way and that. The nervous woman was sitting still, but she had her eyes closed and was shrieking at the top of her voice, "We are lost! We are lost!"

"Don't be frightened, Luther," said Mr. Free-land soothingly to his little boy. "We have run aground, that is all."

Before long everybody realized that nothing more serious had taken place; and presently all were as interested in watching the boat pushed off as they had been frightened at the sudden stop. The rest of the voyage was made without a mishap.

The homeward trip had no accident to mar it. Indeed the ride up the river was more enjoyable, if possible, than the downward sail had been, for this time Luther saw in full daylight the harbor that he had entered in the evening. He was pleased besides to find Mr. Fulton again on the boat and to have more pleasant words from the illustrious man. "I must stay on board for a few more trips at least," the inventor said, "and I dare not trust my crew. They don't take kindly to steam navigation yet and I have no doubt that it was a treacherous sailor who made us run aground the other day."

But journeys on steamers will come to an end,

even when the boat goes only four miles an hour. To Luther the hours on the *Clermont* passed by like minutes; but to Mrs. Freeland, waiting at home, every minute seemed a weary hour. "I never had so anxious a time. Did everything go smoothly?" was the mother's greeting.

Then Luther told about the accident, and his mother grew pale as she exclaimed thankfully, "What a mercy you struck the sand instead of a rock!"

"But Mr. Fulton says there won't be any accidents on the *Clermont* after a while," said Luther reassuringly. "And when I am grown up," he added, "I am going to Europe in a steamboat."

Mrs. Freeland shuddered. "I can't bear to think of such a thing. Could you ever consent to it?" she asked of Mr. Freeland.

"I think we shall have to," answered Mr. Freeland, calmly. "You know, I said that Luther would live in an age of magic."

LEARN :—

Those whom the world agrees to call great are those who have done or produced something of permanent value to mankind.—*Froude*.

A CANAL JOURNEY

IT was in the spring of 1826 that the Barlow twins took their first long journey. On the 4th of November of the preceding fall, Gov. De Witt Clinton, after a triumphant trip from Buffalo in a gaily decorated canal boat, had poured a keg of Lake Erie water into the Atlantic Ocean. This act was intended to show that the Erie Canal was at last completed and that it was possible to go by boat across the state of New York to Albany, three hundred and sixty-three miles, and thence to New York City. This spring the Barlows were to move from Albany to Buffalo, where Mr. Barlow was to be employed in collecting tolls, and of course they must make the journey by canal boat.

There were no railroad trains crossing the state at that time, and the canal route furnished altogether the quickest and most delightful mode of journeying. Now an express train can travel from Albany to Buffalo in five hours, but then nobody even dreamed of such a possibility. The week and a half that was required by canal

seemed to the people a short time in which to cover so great a distance.

In order to be in Buffalo at the proper time, the Barlows decided to start the 10th of May ; and one beautiful, sunny morning Mr. and Mrs. Barlow, the twins, the two kittens, the dog, and the family's household belongings were on board the canal boat *Onondaga*, ready to start for Buffalo. The boat was heavily loaded with freight, but, fortunately for the twins, had only two passengers besides the Barlow family. One of these was an old lady who was deaf and was not troubled by the children's noise, and the other was a young man who liked twins and kittens and dogs.

"Good-morning," said the young man. "While everybody else is making ready for the start, let us look over the boat. My name is John Birch. You look as much alike as your two kittens, and those I have already named Tother and Which, for I can't tell them apart. Are your names Tother and Which, too?"

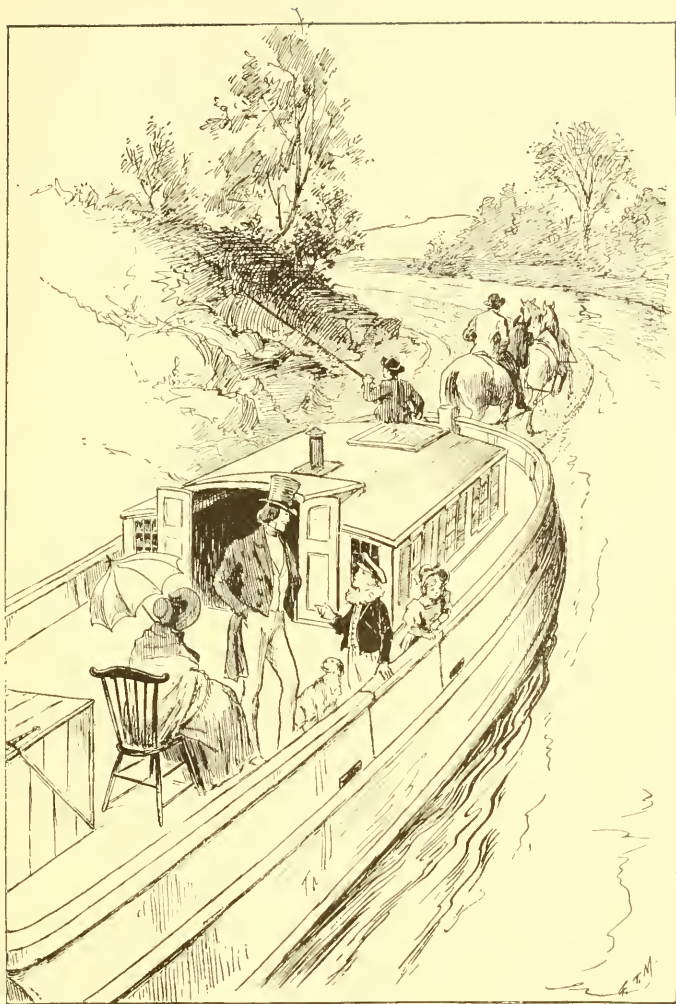
How the twins laughed !

"We had not named the kittens," they said, "and they may just as well have your names ; but we are Marcus and Marcella." In going over the boat with Mr. Birch, the twins discov-

ered many things that they had not seen before : most of the boat was filled with freight, the cabin was in the bow, and in the stern were three stalls for horses. Mr. Birch thought that the blunt-nosed, heavy craft looked a good deal as Noah's ark must have appeared, but he did not tell the children so. They thought everything about it beautiful.

Pretty soon three of the six discouraged-looking horses that had been standing on the wharf were led aboard into the stalls, and the other three were harnessed to the long rope which was to drag the boat through the canal. One of the boatmen took his seat upon the back of the rear horse to do the driving ; another, the bowsman, took his place in the bow of the boat ; a third, the steersman, took his place in the stern ; the boat was let loose from the wharf ; the driver cracked his long whip, and the journey was begun.

Marcus Barlow lived to be seventy-five years old, and was able to cross the Atlantic on an ocean greyhound that covered twenty miles an hour, but he always declared that he never had such a wholly delightful trip as that on the *Onondaga*, traveling along the Erie Canal at the rate of two miles an hour.



THE "ONONDAGA."

Shortly after leaving Albany, the *Onondaga* was gliding between green banks so near at hand that it seemed almost possible to pick the wild flowers from the deck of the boat. The canal, which many people had called in jest "the big ditch," was only forty feet wide, yet of course was broad enough to permit one boat to pass another. In fact, for several years the boats were built only a certain width, to fit the canal, but traffic became so great that by 1862 the canal had been widened to seventy feet to accommodate larger boats.

The first day of the Barlows' journey was most uneventful. Of course, the twins learned the routine of canal life. They saw that the horses which began their work at Albany, after toiling along the tow-path for six hours, were taken on board to rest and to eat, and that the others then took their turn dragging the boat.

The passengers frequently heard the warning cry "Low bridge," which they learned was the signal for everybody on deck to take some very lowly position to avoid being bumped. At first the twins lay flat on the deck, but they soon found that for them it was not necessary to do more than sit down.

The second day of the journey an accident

happened to Tom, the large black horse, and the twins' favorite. "Another boat!" called John Birch that morning. The twins ran to see. Sure enough! another boat was coming from the opposite direction. The twins were always interested to see how the passing of boats and tow-lines and horses could be managed. This time all went well until, when the boats had almost passed, the tow-line of the other boat caught somewhere under the *Onondaga*, and, jerking the boat backwards, threw Tom from the tow-path into the canal. The other horses, which were ahead of Tom, were saved from the plunge by the breaking of the harness.

Marcus and Marcella were thoroughly frightened. Tom could not swim because he was fastened to the rope, which held him down; otherwise he would have come gallantly to his own rescue. As matters were, it seemed that the poor beast would certainly drown. But Captain Wells promptly plunged into the water and, at considerable danger to himself from the frightened, struggling horse, succeeded in cutting him loose. Soon a dripping man and a dripping horse were drawn up on board and the boats took up their course again.

The greatest fun of the journey consisted in

going through the locks, and as these began at Albany and there were eighty-three of them, the fun lasted well through the long journey. Now when a boat goes through a lock it must go either upstairs or downstairs according to the direction in which it is traveling. A lock is really a gigantic step, though at first sight it seems to be simply a short stretch of canal with gates at each end. At Lockport, the *Onondaga* went upstairs nine steps, for there are nine locks, one directly after another, to lift the canal to the higher country through which it must pass. At another place the *Onondaga* climbed sixteen steps to reach the higher level.

The first locks were a great mystery to the twins; but, thanks to Mr. Birch, they soon learned how the boat took the step up, or the step down, if that was what was needed.

"Goody! there's another!" one of the twins would shout as soon as the gates of a lock appeared in the distance. Then they would both watch. They learned that the gates at the farther end were always kept closed when the boat entered the lock, no matter whether the boat was to go upstairs or down. If the boat was to climb to a higher level, it was towed into

the lock and the water gates shut behind it. There the boat stood in a pen, with gates shutting out the water in front and with gates behind shutting in the water.

The fun came when the children could see the boat lifted up. When a gatesman opened the sliding doors in the front gates, water from above rushed in until the water in the lock was on the same level as that to which the boat was to climb. Then the gates were opened and the boat was towed out. If a boat was coming from the other direction at the same time, it was very little trouble to let the second boat down. While the upper gates were still open, this boat was towed into the lock ; then the heavy gates were closed. A gatesman opened the sliding doors in the lower gates, and the water rushed out until the water in the lock was of the lower level. The boat was downstairs and ready to continue her journey as soon as the ponderous gates across her path were opened.

It was fun, too, to guess how high the boat would be lifted.

"This time the water will come up to that mark," Marcella would say when they were in a lock waiting for the opening of the sliding doors.

"I'll guess it will come up to that white stone above," Marcus would reply.

Then the water would be let in, and often it would cover both marks, for in many of the locks the boat was lifted more than ten feet.

One time the deaf lady was guessing with the twins. "It will come to that three-cornered black stone," she said, leaning over the side of the boat to point it out. The boat was so near the side of the lock that it bumped just then, and knocked the old lady's silver snuff-box out of her hand and overboard into the water. Everybody was sorry for the accident, but as the captain said that something must always be lost overboard in a canal trip, all except the owner thought the snuff-box as good an article as could be chosen.

The journey came to an end after a week and a half—too soon, the twins thought; but no doubt the tired horses, the crew, and the other passengers were glad to set foot on land once more.

"Some time we will go again on a canal boat," said Marcus, longingly, as they left the *Onondaga*. "I expect to be a captain, by and by; and you may go back and forth all the

time if you want to, Marcella," he added generously.

LEARN :—

As the Italians say, Good company in a journey makes the way to seem the shorter.—*Izaak Walton*.

KINDLING A FIRE

"THERE is no fire without some smoke," sang Cornelius Hyde with a pretense of cheerfulness as he looked into the cold, black fireplace, one winter morning.

"Cornelius, you could not have banked the fire last night so carefully as you ought," said his mother reprovingly.

"Indeed, I did; but the minister was so entertaining that we sat up longer than I expected to, and there were not many coals to bank. I covered very carefully all that I found. But I should have burned out another stick, mother, if I had not thought there were enough to last until morning," added Cornelius, with the smile that won him friends everywhere. "David will run over to neighbor Wilson's and borrow some fire, I know. David," he said, "if you will, I will do all your chores."

Cornelius's little brother David agreed at once, and taking an iron skillet, he trudged down the road to the nearest neighbor's. It was far from

pleasant on a sharp December morning to have no fire in the house, and the more quickly he could borrow some the better.

There was a tinder box on the kitchen mantel, but both David and Cornelius would rather go to borrow some fire than try to strike a spark with the flint and steel. They had not been obliged to do it often, as their father was usually at home. If he had been there this morning, he would have taken down the tinder box, struck a spark with the flint and steel and caught it in the tinder. When the tinder—which was really charred linen rags—was all aglow, he would have lighted one of the sulphur-tipped splints which were the nearest approach to matches that the Hyde family had in this year 1828.

David had heard from Cornelius, who was a student at Bowdoin College, and, in his little brother's opinion, knew almost everything, that somebody, somewhere, had invented "instantaneous-light" boxes, by means of which a person could make a fire in an instant. This morning as he hurried on his errand, his fingers tingling with the cold, he thought he would like just such a box.

"Good-morning, David!" said Mrs. Wilson,



"GOOD MORNING, DAVID!" SAID MRS. WILSON.

as she opened the side door for the boy. Then, seeing the skillet, she said pleasantly, "You would like some coals, wouldn't you?"

A roaring fire burned in the great kitchen fireplace. A kettle of steaming water hung over the fire, and a pan of corn cake was set up to bake in front of the hot blaze. Mrs. Wilson paused in her preparation for breakfast and drew out a shovelful of live coals for David.

"Tell your mother," she said, as the little boy started home, "to send over here any time when she needs fire, for we are not likely to be without it. Mr. Wilson brought home one of the new 'instantaneous-light' boxes last night when he came from Portland. Some time, when we are going to use one of the new chemical matches in the box, I will send over for you to come to see it burn."

David thanked Mrs. Wilson politely, and scampered home as fast as a boy could go with a heavy iron dish of live coals. As he reached the fireplace, the minister, who had come to their town in order to preach the next day, entered the room. David would have chosen not to have the minister know that the fire had gone out, but there was no help for it.

"Lost your fire, did you?" he asked. "I

might have saved you the time of going out for coals," he added.

"Can you strike a spark the very first thing?" asked David admiringly.

"No, I cannot," laughed the minister, "but I should not have used the tinder box. I have with me some of the new Promethean matches."

David wished he could put out every coal which he was now placing carefully on the freshly laid sticks in the fireplace.

"Perhaps you would like to see how one of these matches works?" the minister said to Mrs. Hyde.

"I should be very glad to see one used after breakfast, when we light the fire in the stove in the best room. I plan to let you use that room for a study to-day," she said.

David wished to see a match lighted that moment, for he did not know how expensive the little box was, and how sparingly the minister used the matches.

In speaking of fires and matches at the breakfast table, the minister told the family that his father, more than a quarter of a century before, had seen a chemical match in Paris; and that on the day when a friend showed it to him and to several other gentlemen, there was just one

match in the whole city of Paris. However, the chemist who had the matches for sale promised that the inventor would have a dozen made the next day. "It is a very different matter now, when a man can buy a box for a shilling and can find them at any apothecary's in our cities," added the minister.

"One of the men at college told a story," said Cornelius, "of an English chemist, who lighted the first Promethean match in the sight of the tin-miners of Cornwall. It was said the miners pronounced him a wizard and dragged him three times through a pond."

"Little wonder that they thought he used magic," replied Mrs. Hyde, as they left the table to go into the best room.

Not every house in the small Maine village had a Franklin stove. David always felt a bit of pride when he looked on the homely iron contrivance so like a fireplace moved out into the room, and connected with the chimney by a funnel. The minister seemed so little impressed by the stove that David decided there must be a great many of them in Portland.

"Now," said the minister, when it was time to light the fire, "here are the matches," and he showed some little sticks tipped with a certain

compound. "Here is the vial that must go with them," he added, showing a small bottle containing an asbestos sponge soaked with sulphuric acid.

David saw nothing to suggest magic in either the bottle or the sticks.

"And this lights the match!" the minister said, thrusting the tip of the match into the wet sponge.

It did! The tip of the match flamed on touching the acid. The minister bent down and applied the match to the neatly laid kindlings.

Oh, how easy! David had hoped his father would bring him a drum when he came from Portland, but now he wished for nothing so much as a box of matches.

"What will human ingenuity think of next?" said Mrs. Hyde.

"It does not seem possible that much more can be done in the way of matches," answered the minister, glancing at his case with admiration.

All this happened in 1828. Several years later the Hydes were again entertaining the minister from Portland. There had been a number of changes in the home. The minister

noticed with special approval that one of the famous new rotary cooking stoves had taken the place of the kitchen fireplace. A fireplace still warmed the living-room and the Franklin stove stood in the best room.

"It is no matter if you and Cornelius do sit up so late as to burn out the fire to-night," said Mrs. Hyde to the minister when she went to bed, "for we have some of the new friction matches, and our fires are little trouble to us."

As often happened now, there was not a live coal in the fireplace the next morning, but when David came down early he was not at all disturbed about the cold hearth. He did not once think of the old tinder box, which had been put away on the top shelf in the pantry, or of going out to borrow fire. Instead, he took a paste-board box from the mantelpiece, took out one of the new friction matches, drew it sharply between two pieces of sandpaper held by his thumb and forefinger, and had his match as well lighted as a match of to-day could be. But how much more force he had used!

"These are far ahead of those Promethean matches. There will never be anything better, I know," he said to himself. As he held the match a moment, admiring the ingenious affair,

in some way he let it slip and fall into the box of unlighted matches which he had taken in his left hand. Instantly they were all ablaze. David was aghast! He had enough presence of mind, however, to throw the whole blazing bundle into the fireplace. When all danger was over, he had time to think how much his carelessness had cost, for matches were still expensive luxuries and this box was to have lasted many months.

At that moment the minister opened the door and saw the boy's mishap.

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth," he quoted.

In spite of his mortification, David smiled at the aptness of the quotation.

"Never mind, my boy, accidents will happen," the minister added, "and this time you will not have to go to the neighbors' to borrow fire, for I have two or three matches that your mother gave me last night. Here they are," and he placed three matches on the mantel in front of the grateful boy.

Years afterward, when David's little grandson came running into the house on the Fourth of July clamoring for two more boxes of matches, the grandfather said, "I recall a morning when

people thought me very wasteful to burn up a box of matches; but then a cent would buy only three matches and now it will buy four hundred and fifty."

LEARN :—

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire,—conscience.—*From the Copy-book of Washington.*

A RAILROAD STORY

SOMETHING was going to happen at Ellicott's Mills. Such a strange thing, too! Little Francis Ellicott heard about it every day, for all the people were talking of nothing but the new railroad. Not one of them had ever seen a railroad, but it had been settled that they were to have one, coming from Baltimore straight out to Ellicott's Mills, a distance of thirteen miles. Then the road was to go on from the Patapsco Valley into the Potomac Valley at Point of Rocks; and then, most wonderful of all, it was to wind its way over the mountains to the Ohio River. The road was to be called the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, though it would be a long time before rails could be run all the way through to the Ohio River.

Francis heard many a dismal prediction, but not one of them dampened his enthusiasm. "The wheels of the coaches are to run on two iron rails made fast to the ground," his grandfather told him, "and the builders expect one horse to be able to do the work of ten on the ordinary turnpike road. They will never get across the mountains, never," concluded the old gentleman, solemnly shaking his head.

Now Francis knew a good deal about travel-

ing by boat, a little about traveling on horseback, and a very little about traveling by coach; but how could he know anything about a railroad! The first railroad built in America was not then two years old, and was away up north in Massachusetts. Two others had been built before the Baltimore and Ohio, but all three were used for hauling granite or coal. This, the fourth road built in the country, was intended for "general transportation." When Francis learned that this high sounding phrase meant that the cars were to carry passengers as well as freight, he shouted to think what fun it would be to see a car filled with ladies and gentlemen rolling along on two narrow rails faster than a coach could travel on the broad turnpike. He did not dream that anything better than horses could be found to draw the cars (nor, in fact, did the men who planned the road); and the picture he made for himself was of a string of coaches fastened together, all drawn along that queer little track by a prancing horse.

It was not so very long before Francis realized something very like his vision. On the Fourth of July, 1828, the railroad was begun; and in the spring of 1830, the double track which had been laid as far as the Mills was ready for use.

Then a notice was given that the line would be opened to the public on the 24th of May, and that the fare to Ellicott's Mills and return would be seventy-five cents.

On the appointed morning, Francis, with many others, eagerly waited for the first passenger train. When at length a staid horse came trotting along, drawing after him the small but well filled cars, Francis was sorely disappointed. What did it matter, after all, whether the horse drew the coach on a track or along the turnpike! Everything about the train was disappointing except the amount of noise which the cars made on the rail of combined stone and iron which was laid in those days.

From that time Francis lost his interest in the railroad, until one morning in the summer something happened that was not a bit disappointing. At breakfast Mr. Ellicott said, "There is something coming on the railroad to-day, my son, that you will wish to see."

Francis was surprised that his father should show so much interest in the stupid railroad, for it seemed as if even the older people must know that there had been nothing on the road for months that was worth seeing.

"I do not know when it will reach here, but

we will be on the watch at the time it is expected, for I wish very much to see the wonderful device myself," added Mr. Ellicott.

"What is it, father?" asked Francis.

"What they call a locomotive."

"A locomotive?" repeated Francis, wonderingly.

"Yes, a machine to take the place of horses in drawing the cars," answered his father. "Mr. Peter Cooper has one built, and he is to try it to-day. Stockton and Stokes, I hear, will send out their very best horse—the big gray that you admire so much—for a race with the locomotive. The machine is to draw a car, and the gray is to draw another, running on the second track."

This was news indeed! Long before the time set for the locomotive to leave Baltimore, Francis was watching the track. He fully expected to see only the powerful horse, with his car, flying down the second track. The stage proprietors' horse, Francis was sure, was the finest in the world. Surely no new-fangled machine could hold its own with that marvel of strength and speed. The time dragged, until at last Francis saw approaching, not the gallant gray, but the first locomotive in America that had drawn a passenger coach.

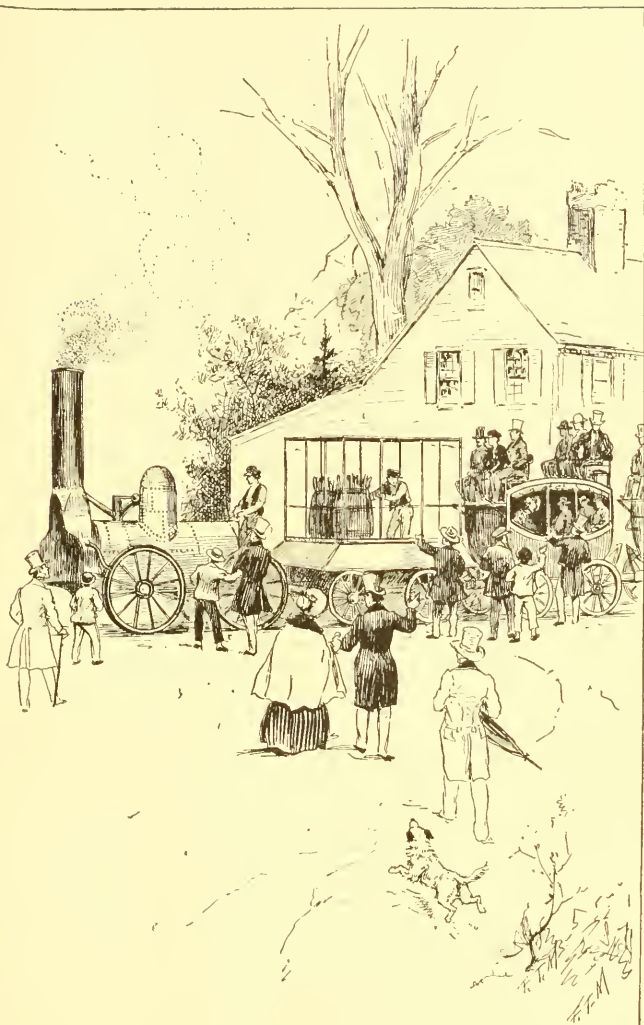
Francis never could tell afterwards just what his picture of a locomotive had been—something rather like a horse, perhaps—but certainly nothing like that queer little black machine about as large as a good-sized chaise.

“What makes it go?” he asked his father in utter amazement.

“Steam,” was his father’s unsatisfactory answer. Why steam should be able to move a whole train, Francis could not understand. Steam never made the teakettle go running over the top of the stove. Why should it move this strange black object along the track! It was all a mystery, but the locomotive certainly moved at a rapid rate, drawing behind it a car filled with directors of the railroad and their friends.

Francis forgot about the gray horse in his curiosity to see the locomotive. He walked down to the end of the line with his father, where a great number of people were crowding around the little engine as it came to a stop at the close of the first half of its trial trip.

The little train had come around the curves at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and at its greatest speed had covered eighteen miles an hour. It had been predicted that people could not endure being whirled along at what was



"THE LITTLE ENGINE CAME TO A STOP."

called such "terrific velocity." But here were the directors safe and sound and, to all appearances, unusually happy.

Everybody in the gay party congratulated Mr. Cooper. One gentleman showed Mr. Elliott a memorandum book in which he had written his address and several connected sentences when they were traveling at the highest speed. "A revolution has begun," this man declared ; "horse power is doomed !"

"Old Erasmus Darwin was nearer right than people thought," said a director, "when he wrote fifty years ago :

'Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam ! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car.'"

Francis looked at the locomotive first on one side and then on the other. This strange machine filled him with wonder. And after all a boy of to-day would be filled with wonder at seeing such a locomotive, though for very different reasons. He would be astonished to see that the whole engine weighed only about one ton, that it had only four wheels, and most of all that its boiler, which was about as large as a flour barrel, stood up straight in the air instead of lying on its side as in the engine of to-day.

Francis caught the enthusiasm of the party and decided then and there to be a railroad man. All the way home after the little train had started back to the city, he was trying to decide whether he would rather drive the Ton Thumb, as Mr. Cooper called the little engine, or be a director and ride in a passenger coach at the terrific speed of eighteen miles an hour.

Francis was sitting on the porch at home before he thought of the gray horse. "Didn't the horse come?" he asked his father.

"One of the gentlemen told me," answered his father, "that they expected to meet him somewhere on the return and to race from there to town."

The next day Francis heard about the race. It seemed that the horse did meet the returning engine at the Relay House where the race began. While the engine was getting up steam the horse gained upon it, and he was perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead when the excitement began. This is the story of the race as told by Mr. Latrobe, one of the members of the party.

"The safety-valve began to scream and the engine began to gain. The pace increased, the passengers shouted, the engine gained on the horse, soon it lapped him—the tilt was piled—

the race was neck and neck, nose and nose, then the engine passed the horse and a great hurrah hailed the victory. But it was not repeated, for just at this time, when the gray's master was about giving up, the band which drove the pulley, which drove the blower, slipped from the drum, the safety-valve ceased to scream, and the engine began to wheeze and pant. In vain Mr. Cooper, who was his own engine-man and fireman, lacerated his hands in attempting to replace the band upon the wheel; in vain he tried to urge the fire with light wood; the horse gained on the machine and passed it; and although the band was presently replaced, the horse was too far ahead to be overtaken, and came in the winner of the race."

Although the horse reached town first, the victory really belonged to the locomotive. Everybody realized this fact, and there were no more trials of speed between horse and steam power. It was only a little more than a year afterwards that the Baltimore and Ohio railway gave up the use of horses altogether.

Soon after this trial trip on the Baltimore and Ohio, a train made up of a locomotive and three passenger coaches was seen on a New York railroad, the coaches still built like stage coaches,

each carrying nine people inside and six outside. In a few years more, locomotives were in use in all parts of the country then settled. In 1840 there were about three thousand miles of track in the country.

When Francis Ellicott visited the centennial in 1876, he saw displayed there by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad a locomotive weighing fifty tons. He thought of the Tom Thumb and laughed. "The steam locomotive has about reached its limit," he said to himself. His son, Francis Ellicott, Jr., saw in St. Louis, at the great exposition in 1904, a freight engine, displayed by the same Baltimore and Ohio railroad, which weighed two hundred and thirty-nine tons. While contrasting the monster with his father's picture of the Tom Thumb, his eye fell on one of the powerful new electric locomotives not far away. Smiling, he said to himself with more truth than his father's remark contained, "The steam locomotive has about reached its limit."

LEARN :—

To think all discovered's an error profound ;
'Tis to take the horizon for earth's mighty bound.

—*Anon.*

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH

I

“THAT man over there wants Congress to appropriate thirty thousand dollars to enable him to build a line of wire and try his new invention, which he calls an electric telegraph.”

The speaker stood in the centre of a little group gathered in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. John Arter, clinging to his father's hand, on the outskirts of the group, turned to look in the direction indicated, and saw across the rotunda a tall, handsome man with a careworn face.

“In my opinion, Congress might as well throw the money into the sea,” added the speaker. “It is not probable that Samuel F. B. Morse, or any other man, can invent a machine that will send a message along a wire from one place to another. I have no patience with such tomfoolery. The sooner an end is made of the petition the better.” And with a contemptuous sniff, the man who had expressed his opinion so decidedly, turned and walked away.

John looked up into his father's face. "What is an electric telegraph, father?"

Mr. Arter hesitated. "I can hardly make it plain to you by words, John. But I do not agree with our friend who has just left us, and I hope we shall all soon have the opportunity of seeing the telegraph working over a line that the government shall provide."

Mr. Arter was about to explain the matter further, when Professor Morse, turning, recognized the gentleman at Mr. Arter's right and approached the group. He was warmly greeted, and all the company were introduced to him, even John, who was always glad in after years to remember that he had received a kindly word from the great inventor.

"We are all hoping for the success of your bill," said Professor Morse's friend in the course of conversation. "Yes, even John, I think, for he is very anxious to know what the electric telegraph is, and how else can he know?"

"You will know some time, my boy," said Professor Morse, "though I have not now much faith that the day will come soon or through my efforts. But some time telegraph lines will thread this country just as the railroads now so definitely promise to do. And the sending of a

message will not be limited to our own country, for if the communication will go ten miles without being lost, I can make it go around the globe." He spoke with a quiet dignity that carried conviction.

"I would that we each had a vote when the matter of the appropriation comes up to-day," said Mr. Arter.

"I certainly wish that you had," replied Professor Morse, warmly; and with that, the gentlemen parted to attend to their various duties.

John Arter lived in Baltimore, but was enjoying a trip to Washington with his father, who often had business in the capital.

There was so much for a boy to see and so much to do that John did not think about the telegraph again until night. "Did Professor Morse get his money this afternoon?" he asked his father.

"I am sorry to say that he did not," replied Mr. Arter. "There are many bills to consider, and each must wait its turn. The Senate did not reach his bill in the course of the day. But there is much opposition, and even if the bill is reached this session, I fear that it will not pass. I have just seen Professor Morse in the lobby of the hotel, and he has come from the Capitol

wholly discouraged. This session of Congress is over at midnight and there are one hundred and nineteen bills ahead of him. He has given up all hope that they will reach him before adjournment. He has spent all his money, for he, himself, told me to-night that he would go back to New York with only a fraction of a dollar in his pocket; he has been before two Congresses; and now he will find that an unappreciative country will put off for another term of years the incalculable benefits of his invention."

When John went down to breakfast the next morning he saw Professor Morse, but did not find him wearing the disheartened look that he had expected. Instead, Professor Morse was radiant.

"What has happened to Professor Morse?" he asked.

"I must find out whether there is any good news," his father replied.

Indeed there was good news. Professor Morse had just been called from the breakfast-room to find Miss Annie Ellsworth, the daughter of one of his warmest friends, awaiting him in the parlor.

"I have come to congratulate you!" she cried.

“For what, my dear friend?” Professor Morse asked in bewilderment.

“On the passage of your bill.”

“Oh, no, my young friend, you are mistaken; I was in the senate chamber until after the lamps were lighted, and my senatorial friends assured me that there was no chance for me.”

“It is you who are mistaken,” Miss Ellsworth joyously replied. “Father was there at the adjournment and saw the President put his name to your bill. I asked father if I might come and tell you, and he gave me leave. Am I the first to bring the news?”

Professor Morse afterwards wrote that he was too much overcome at first to speak, but that at length he replied, “Yes, Annie, you are the first to inform me; and now I am going to make you a promise: the first despatch on the completed line to Baltimore shall be yours.”

“Good!” she said, “I shall hold you to your promise.”

II

JOHN ARTER first met Professor Morse on the third of March, 1842. He did not see the inventor again until May 1, 1844, when a second meeting came about in this way.

After Congress had appropriated the money necessary for building a trial line, Professor Morse at once began the work of construction. The line was to run from Washington to Baltimore. Professor Morse hoped that the government would take control of the telegraph service just as it had taken charge of the entire mail service. For that reason, he deemed it best to build the first line from Washington, in order that the successful working of the line might be easily made known to Congress.

Work on the new telegraph progressed rather slowly at first, because the wires were laboriously laid under ground in a lead tube. As this arrangement did not give satisfactory results, some other means of carrying the wires had to be found. When it was discovered that if the wires were strung on posts, perfectly satisfactory results were obtained, the work was carried on rapidly. Yet on May 1, 1844, when the great national convention of the Whig party was held in Baltimore, only twenty-two miles of the line were in working order.

Think of the state of affairs when the people of Washington, only forty miles from Baltimore, had to wait for news of the convention to come by train! Professor Morse saw that here was

an opportunity to show the people what the telegraph could do. He accordingly made arrangements to use the part of the line already constructed.

Eighteen miles from Baltimore, at the spot where the line from Washington ended, Mr. Alfred Vail was stationed in a little office to send tidings of the nomination to Professor Morse, who had his apparatus set up at the Capitol, in the room formerly used by the Supreme Court.

The convention assembled on the appointed day, and by acclamation nominated its great leader, Henry Clay, to be the next president of the United States. Just as soon as possible after the vote was taken, a message was carried by train to the little station where Mr. Vail was anxiously waiting. "Henry Clay" was the word given him, and the operator, with suppressed excitement, sent the message to Washington.

When Professor Morse gave out the message at Washington, it was received with shouting and throwing of hats into the air; and then, incredible as it seems to people of to-day, the very shouters turned one to another and said, "Do you think it is true, or is he deceiving us?"

More than one hour later the train from Baltimore came in with groups of excited people aboard. "Clay! Clay!" they shouted, supposing they were telling news.

"We knew it an hour ago," replied some of the very people who had doubtingly said, "Do you think it is true?"

John Arter came to Washington on that very train. This time his father was not with him, for John could now be trusted alone with many a business errand. That day he hurried through his work and went to the Capitol, hoping to be able to catch a glimpse of Professor Morse and to learn a little more about the electric telegraph.

He was not disappointed. He gained a general notion of the way in which the message is sent; saw some letters of the dot and dash alphabet which the needle makes as the electricity moves it along; and, best of all, saw Professor Morse and heard an admirer say of him, "I would rather be that man to-day than any one else in the United States, for no man has done more for his country than he has accomplished by the discovery of the electric telegraph."

John swelled with pride to think that he had

met so great a man. He began to understand more clearly what makes men truly great.

It was only a few weeks after this eventful day, that the whole line was completed. Professor Morse was in the Baltimore office when the wires were in and properly connected. He proceeded at once to Washington, leaving word that no message should be sent over the line until he had sent one from Washington. On reaching the capital, he sent a note to Miss Ellsworth, telling her that the telegraph was ready, and asking what the first message should be. Choosing a passage that her mother had suggested, Miss Ellsworth promptly replied, "What hath God wrought!" (Numbers xxiii : 23).

The words had been chosen without consultation with the inventor, but he afterwards said, "No words could have been selected more expressive of the disposition of my own mind at that time to ascribe all the honor to Him to whom it truly belongs."

On May 24, 1844, the line was formally opened. It is said that Professor Morse was the calmest man in the distinguished assembly that witnessed the sending of the first message. It was transmitted to Mr. Vail, who did not know what words were to be sent. In an instant of

time "the inspiring and inspired" message was flashed to Baltimore and repeated to Washington, a circuit of eighty miles. Professor Morse's triumph was complete, but the modesty of the man was shown in his remark concerning the first message: "It baptized the American telegraph with the name of its author."

From this time the success of the electric telegraph was assured. Professor Morse would have been glad to sell his rights to the government, but his offer was rejected. Later, when the government would have been glad to buy, many people were financially interested in the business and they did not care to sell. It is pleasant to know that one of those to whom the electric telegraph brought large financial returns was the man who for twelve weary years sacrificed every other interest in his life to its introduction into practical use.

LEARN :—

Massachusetts honors her two sons—Franklin and Morse. The one conducted the lightning safely from the sky; the other conducts it beneath the ocean, from continent to continent. The one tamed the lightning; the other makes it minister to human wants and human progress.—*Alexander H. Bullock, Governor of Massachusetts.*

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